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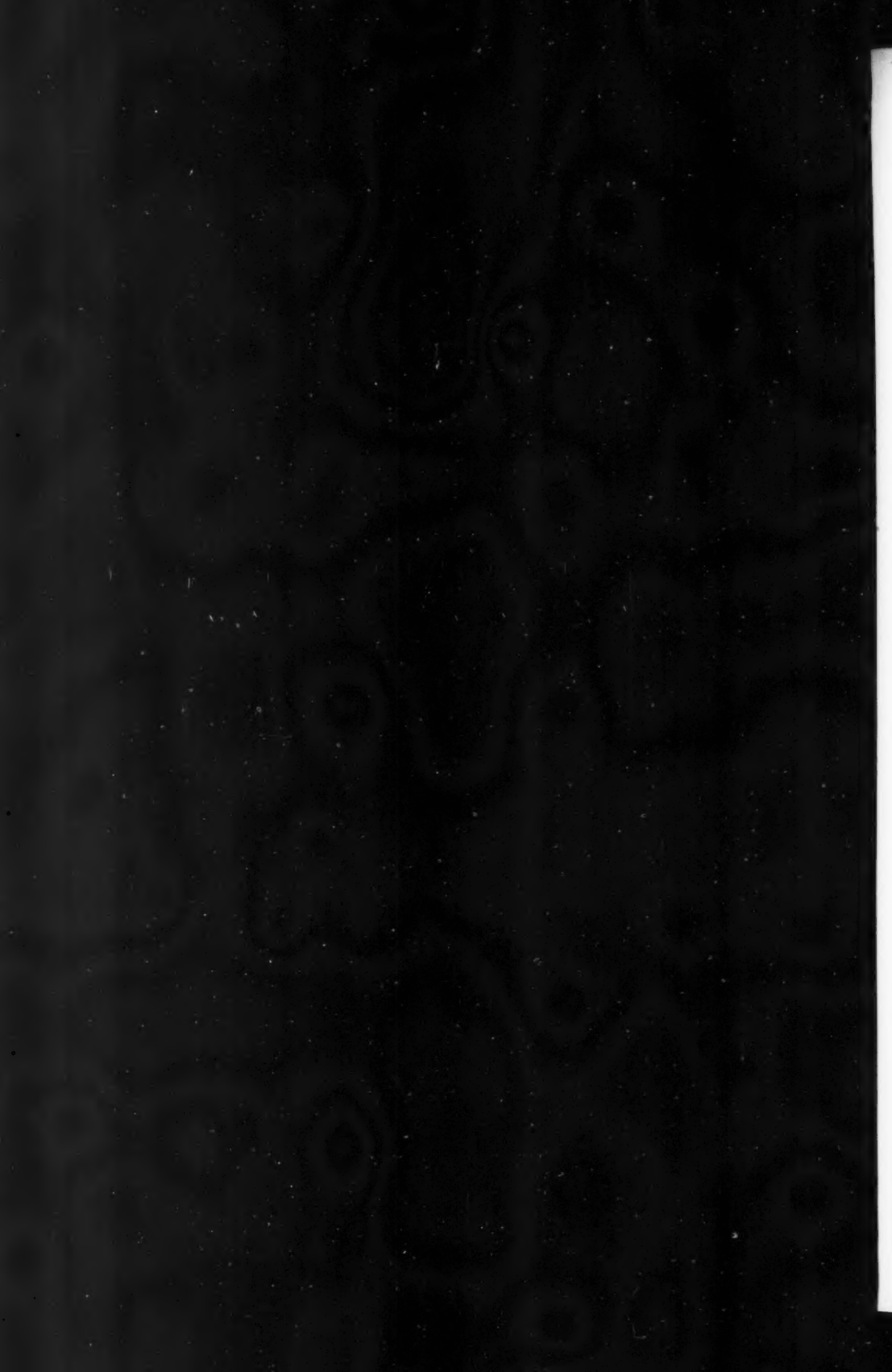
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXIV. }

No. 2311.—October 13, 1888.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CLXXIX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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MURIEL.

BENEATH the sheltering oak she lay,
And dreamed the love-long afternoon,
That blent the burning height of day
With the cool eve of royal June.

What are her dreams of? Nay, who knows
Whereon the perfect maiden dreams,
Steeped in the perfume of the rose,
Lulled by the murmur of the streams?

Her longing life before her lies,
Her puzzled childhood dies behind;
And many messages surprise
Her soul from flower and cloud and wind.

What are your dreams of, opening bud,
Whose happy blossom blooms so fair,
When through the blue veins the red blood
Flows on as freely as the air?

Sweet Muriel by the garden-oak,
Unconscious of her nameless charm,
Half hears the fairy echoes woke
By bangles clanged on her arm.

Without — the loving sun doth kiss
Mouth, cheek, and brow unchidden on:
Within — the music seems to miss
The lovely face he looks upon.

For, seated by the piano soft,
Old tunes her sister's touch recalls,
Whose harmonies some sprite aloft
Repeats along the drowsy walls.

Dream! Muriel, dream! half-knowing yet
Whose image fills thy candid eyes,
Yet all unable to forget
The first sweet secret's first surprise.

He waits and works long miles away,
Who touched the pure heart's virgin springs;
And something, from the dawn of day,
For both a mystic burden sings.

The angel that upon her smiles
In June's own leafy temple down,
His few short hours of leisure wiles
Away within the sultry town.

One thought — one angel — and one heart,
Forgetful of the world of sense,
Knit lives so seeming far apart
In one bright bond of innocence.

Wait! Muriel, wait! an instinct true
Straight through the void of man has flown,
To pick from out the world, for you,
A soul as loyal as your own.

And so she dreamed, and so she lay,
And so the waiting message fell
Along the changes of the day,
Upon the face of Muriel.

.

L'ENVOI.

TO MY BIG DOG.

O Poetry! great is thy mission
Which colors thy passionate track:
But how are thy fancies Elysian
Dispelled by the voice of John-Jack!

He lies on the floor at St. Leonard's,
While my genius I try to display;
But the more my ideas travel pen-'ards,
The more he will snore them away.

He snorts, and he snorks, and he snoreth,
Like the satisfied dog that he be;
And my Muse so sonorously boreth,
That she'll grant no more favors to me.

His tail too, — by Jove he can whisk it,
Which is rough upon bards that have none;
He thumps for a bone or a biscuit,
And all inspiration's undone.

I thought that my notion was splendid,
The stanzas so fluently ran,
But I don't know how Muriel ended,
And cannot think why she began.

He's at it again! so distracted
On Poetry turn I my back;
Bored audiences never enacted
Such eloquent snores as John-Jack!

HERMAN MERIVALE

St. Leonard's, Tulse Hill, August 6th. Spectator.

GARDEN MEMORIES.

A GARDEN old stretches down towards the sea,
The flowers untended, the wild thorns growing,
The sun burns hot, and the wind from the lea
Now and again is restlessly blowing;
Trying to wake in this land of death
Some song of the past; a scentless breath,
Of laughing roses, and lips so fair,
And sunbeams playing 'mid golden hair.

The oleanders lie withered and broken,
From the thicket hard by comes no thrushes'
song.

Would a ghost not rise if a word be spoken,
Or a step resound the dark alleys along?
A ghostly hand full of fair withered flowers
Scattering its burden pale in showers,
Like sea-foam driving upon the wave,
To cover a long-forgotten grave.

The sun and the wind and the rain come thither
To the garden old that stands by the sea;
The flowers dream and blossom and wither,
And the wild hawk hovers over the lea.
But a fair head sleeps in the bosom of death,
The red lips will never again draw breath.
All are at rest now; naught left to show
The love and the sorrow of long ago.

Temple Bar.

JANET ROSS.

From The Contemporary Review.
APPLIED GEOGRAPHY.*

THE efforts which have been made during the last four years to raise geography from the low estate into which it had fallen in this country, both as a field of research and as a subject of education, have been attended with a considerable measure of success. Lectureships have been established in our two great universities; the subject is beginning to be treated with some respect in our public schools; it occupies a prominent place in the University Extension programmes; its teaching in elementary schools has been greatly improved; text-books, atlases, and wall-maps of a high standard are being issued, and pictures, models, relief-maps, and other apparatus are being introduced; while chambers of commerce, advocates of technical education, and the Imperial Institute are convinced that the subject may be turned to practical account.

Both in its scientific and in its practical aspects geography has been worked out in Germany by able men for many years, with rich and abundant results. Leaving aside mere text-books and compendiums of facts, the works dealing with the various applications of the subject that have been produced in Germany during the past half-century would fill many shelves in a library. Ever since Ritter's time a specially human turn has been given to the subject by his countrymen; it has been recognized that the ultimate task of geography as a whole is to study the earth as the dwelling-place of humanity. This aspect has come more and more into vogue in Germany, and has given rise to a special section of the general subject under the name of anthropo-geography, which may be said to include everything bearing on the interaction between man and his topographical surroundings. Geography has been well defined as the physical basis of history; it is indeed the physical basis of all human activity. For does

it not deal with the surface of the earth, with its manifold features of mountain, table-land, plain and desert, ocean and lake and river, forest and prairie, continents and islands, air and ice, rain and sunshine, in all their complicated combinations, which, forming man's immediate environment, must largely influence his activities in all directions? It is the thorough grasp of this aspect of the subject which, in the hands of Ritter, Peschel, and their followers, has proved so increasingly fruitful of results in Germany.

England, however, is not without her monumental productions in geography. Let us not forget the unrivalled collections of Hakluyt and Purchas, and their many successors, which, filling scores of folios and quartos, form the raw material of geography, and are infinitely more interesting and more profitable reading than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the slender travellers' tales with which we are flooded at the present day. The deeds of our daring forefathers, as they forged their way into every corner of the globe, quite as often, we fear, in the character of buccaneers as of explorers, receive worthy record in these great collections. Not only so, but in the past two centuries this raw material has been worked up into systematic treatises, filling many more quartos and folios, which present the facts in copious and instructive detail so far as they were known at the time. But even this geographical industry has ceased in England for many years; when we want such treatises nowadays we have to import them from abroad; we have to adapt an intensely German Hellwald, or translate the masterly descriptions of Reclus. With all the wealth of material at our command, we have still to find a geographer capable of analyzing it and elaborating it from the philosophical, or scientific, or anthropo-geographical standpoint. England has not yet produced a Ritter or a Peschel, a Ratzel or a Penck. But if our geographers have been blind to the capabilities of their science, we have not been without men having knowledge and insight enough to perceive the intimate bearings of geographical conditions on collective humanity, on man in his strivings after

* Since this article was in type, General Strachey's Cambridge "Lectures on Geography" have been published, and I am pleased to notice that he advocates the use of the term "applied geography" in somewhat the same sense as I do in this article.

political, social, and industrial development. Our own literature can furnish us with brilliant examples of the successful application of geography to the interpretation of history and the elucidation of the progress of civilization.

Readers of Green must recall his "Making of England." Why have we still an Irish and a Welsh and a Highland question with us? Simply, as Green shows, because the geography of England was as it was when the ruthless Teutons landed to harry the Celtic population of these islands. Green's graphic picture of the dense forests in the south of England, and of the swamps and fens in the east, barring the progress of the invaders into the interior of our island, can never be forgotten by his readers. These and similar surface obstacles tended seriously to influence the progress and the nature of the conquest, as well as the ultimate distribution and character of the various types which compose the population of the British islands. In the west, owing again to the topography of the country, it took centuries to reduce Wales and its essentially British or Celtic inhabitants, who, had the Teutonic hordes been able to reach them in the first heat of their conquering career, would have been completely crushed, if not destroyed; a Welsh question would have been rendered as impossible as a Kentish or an East-Anglian question. So in the north, it was not till the middle of the last century that the essentially Celtic population of the then inaccessible Highlands was subdued by the successors of the Teutonic invaders, and even yet the geographical conditions favor Celtic survivals, and nourish a crofter question. As for Ireland, her present troubles, which are also ours, are all due to St. George's Channel and her own bogs. Had the subsidence which began in so recent a geological period not proceeded so far; had Ireland and England been still, as of yore, one continuous land, her conquest would have been begun long before it was, and would have been at least as complete as that of Wales and Scotland. Not only would the infusion of Teutonic blood have been much greater than it has been, but Ireland

would probably have been as ready to succumb to the Reformation as any other part of the United Kingdom.

But, indeed, the geographical position has often been pointed out, has had very much to do with the peculiar character of the British Islands as a whole, and it their political, social, and industrial development. Had that subsidence—so recent and so comparatively shallow—not taken place which severed England from the Continent, had the Thames continued to be a tributary of the Rhine, and England only a northern extension of France, how very different would have been the course of European history, and the character of those migrations which, under existing conditions, have peopled the bulk of two continents with English speaking peoples!

Such are some of the results either brought out or suggested by Green's treatment of English history from the geographical standpoint. The history of any other part of the world treated after the same manner would yield results unattainable where humanity is dealt with apart from its geographical setting. I certainly do not claim that this is the only aspect in which history ought to be studied; but if this important term in the historical problem is neglected, the final equation can never be satisfactory. This will be evident if we remember that geography is essentially the science of topographical distribution on the surface of the earth; the distribution of the great features of the globe and all that its face sustains, including man himself. And if we bear in mind that man is the centre, the converging point of the science, that all its investigations must have ultimate reference to humanity, there will be no danger of including too much within the field of the subject, of encroaching upon what is strictly the sphere of some other department of science. Since, then, much of political history really originates in man's distribution in bodies or communities over the earth's surface, his movements on that surface, or other changes in his relation to topographical environment, surely geographical conditions ought to be taken into account by every

historian ambitious of being more than a mere chronicler. True, we have historical geographies and historical atlases, some of them by eminent hands; but as a rule these concern themselves with mere changes of boundaries, without taking the trouble to inquire whether geography can shed any light on the causes of such changes, and teach nations a lesson for the future. The success which attended Green's effort to discover how far historical events are influenced by geographical conditions, ought surely to show that historical geography may be made something more than a mere question of boundaries.

How much, to take another example, has the peculiar geography of Holland had to do with the moulding of the strange history of that country? An eminent Dutch geographer once lamented to me — he was sorely troubled with rheumatism and asthma — that his country was only a river delta which had been peopled prematurely. But it is just because the inhabitants of this delta have been compelled from its very nature to struggle with their geographical conditions that they have acquired those habits which have rendered them the most prosperous and comfortable people in Europe. How splendidly, moreover, did their network of waterways, dominated by the ocean, help them in their long struggle with Spain! And is it not due to the peculiar hydrographic conditions of the country that the Dutch have been for centuries a nation of navigators, traders, and colonizers? Why is it, again, that a poor country like Norway, with almost nothing to export but fish and timber, and whose trade is only one-fifteenth of that of the Netherlands, has a mercantile navy surpassed only by that of Great Britain? From the very nature of their country, broken up into a maze of fjords and islands, more water than land, the Norse are compelled to be a race of sailors; and as they have little or nothing of their own to carry, they have become carriers for the rest of the world.

When applied to what we may call the course of universal history, the progress of civilization, and the development of the world's commerce, geography yields some

curious and instructive results. Indeed, from this standpoint, an able Continental writer, M. Leon Metchnikoff, divides history into four great periods. The earliest civilizations of which we have any knowledge were what we may designate fluvial. The great Assyro-Babylonian states were grouped within the region watered by the Euphrates and Tigris, — Mesopotamia. Ages ago Egypt was called the "gift of the Nile." The basin of the Ganges may be regarded as the theatre of all the great events of Indian history previous to the advent of Europeans; while the two enormous waterways, the Hoangho and the Yangtse-Kiang, must have had much to do with the development of the peculiar civilization of China. These fluvial civilizations, so long as they remained fluvial, were essentially isolated; they could never become cosmopolitan. From the character of the deltas of the Nile and of the Mesopotamian rivers, the communities on their banks could make no use of them as highways to the ocean. The malarious delta of the Ganges was equally a bar to oceanic intercourse, while the enterprise of China was directed to the plateaus and deserts of central Asia rather than to the mysterious Pacific which washed its shores. It was only when, partly by pressure from without, and partly by human efforts to overcome disadvantageous geographical conditions, Mesopotamia and Egypt were placed in uninterrupted communication with the ocean, that they became Mediterranean States; for the Persian Gulf is essentially of this character. What intercourse these peoples had before this was carried on almost solely by land. This isolated condition may be said to have ended about 800 B. C. By that time the Phœnicians had begun what may be regarded as the Mediterranean period of history — using the term in its widest sense, as applying not only to the land-locked sea between Europe and Africa, and its offshoots which debouch into the Euxine, but also to the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea on the one hand, and the essentially inland North Sea and Baltic on the other. This Mediterranean period lasted for over two thousand years, and developed as much

cosmopolitanism as was possible within its essentially narrow geographical limits. This period came to an abrupt termination four hundred years ago by the discovery of the other half of the globe, and the initiation of what may be regarded as the Atlantic or oceanic period, during which Europe has been spreading itself out in all directions; the isolation of nations has been broken down, geographical barriers to cosmopolitan intercourse have been or are being swept away, and sanguine philanthropists are hoping that the "federation of the world" is approaching.

All who have read Buckle's "History of Civilization" will remember the brilliant use which he makes, in the famous second chapter of the first volume, of geographical conditions as determining political and industrial development. Egypt is one of the examples which he there works out in detail, the greatness as well as the despotism of which he shows were due entirely to its peculiar geographical conditions. And if, like Buckle and Green, we include in history not merely the growth of States and of their political institutions, but also their industrial, social, and intellectual development, then the paramount influence of geography becomes unmistakable. Buckle brings this out with his usual brilliance, not only in the case of Egypt, but also of India, Central America, and Peru; and Green, both in his histories and in his "Short Geography of the British Islands," endeavors, with much success, to show how the growth of our industries and the situation of our great cities have been largely determined by conditions which are essentially geographical. Comte was not likely to overlook the intimate relations which subsist between geography and history in its widest sense. "It would be impossible," he wrote, "to conceive of any adequate history of humanity apart from the real history of the terrestrial globe, the inevitable theatre of progressive human activity, and the various conditions of which must certainly have exercised an important influence on the production of the various phases of human history, from the period when the physical and chemical conditions of our planet were such as to permit the continuous existence of humanity."

It will thus be seen that the important results to be derived from the application of geography to history have been in a general way recognized even in this country. But the application has hitherto been altogether qualitative and not quantitative, and mainly because the subject

has been approached from the historical and not the geographical standpoint. In Germany, where a voluminous literature is growing up as the fruit of the precise and detailed cultivation of the geographical field, some of the results attained, in their bearings on humanity, have been correspondingly precise, quantitative, and tangible. Not only are these results likely to prove of service to the historical student, but their bearings on industry, on commerce, on colonization, are of the most intimate character. Commercial geography, in Germany for example, is something that the merchant and the merchant's clerk can take with him into his office and apply to his every-day transactions, and not the useless thing which goes under that name in our own "commercial academies." Then the vast importance of the subject with reference to the recent colonial enterprise of Germany has been recognized by the publication of a multitude of books on what may be regarded as the economical geography of the various regions which have been brought within the German "sphere of influence." England's geographical connections — political, colonial, commercial, missionary — are world-wide, and her politicians, her merchants and manufacturers, and all who are interested in the development of her colonies, could not but profit by a complete and precise knowledge of those conditions upon which the success of their operations so largely depends.

Geography, as I have stated, may be defined as the science of the topographical distribution of the great features of the earth's surface, and of all that it sustains — mineral, vegetable, and animal, including man himself. If we bear in mind that, as geographers, it is distribution and not constitution, groups and not individuals, we have to do with, we shall be able to limit our field within reasonable compass. This one feature of distribution will be found to be applicable to every section of our wide subject; for of course it includes causes as well as facts, relations as well as positions. It will guide us in dealing with the purely scientific aspect of our subject, with what is included under physical geography. What is political geography but the department which deals with the distribution of men into communities or states? While commercial geography — the "science of distances," as a German writer calls it — has to do with the distribution (in a double sense) of the economical products of the earth's surface. With man as the centre

of its field, taking upon itself the task of investigating the interaction between humanity and its geographical environment, surely the subject ought to yield many practical results.

As the term "interaction" implies, man is in a different position with reference to his environment from any other creature on the earth's surface. The lower animals can do so very little to modify their environment, that it amounts to practically *nil*. Man in his savage state is in this respect on a par with his humbler fellow-creatures. He must either adapt himself to his geographical conditions, or succumb to them. Buckle brings this out strikingly in his second chapter with reference to South America. Contrasting the condition of Brazil before the European intrusion with that of Peru and other civilized States, he maintains that the primeval forests of Brazil were on such a gigantic scale, their trees so towering, so close-set, so matted with creepers, and so imbedded in bush, that the poor savages who peopled the country were overwhelmed with hopelessness. Though Buckle exaggerated the extent to which Brazil is covered with forests, there is no doubt much truth in his contention. But it seems to me there were other causes at work here, apart from the gigantic scale of nature, to account for the savage stagnation of most of South America. In the geographical conditions there was a lack of stimulus to united action for the development of the country, or the stimulus was not strong enough to act effectively on the low state of intelligence of the natives. Why was it that those wonderful civilizations were developed on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates, the Ganges and the Hoangho, while the exuberant basins of the Amazon and the Congo remained stagnant in the hands of savages? This is doubtless partly to be accounted for by the fact that the people into whose hands the one set of rivers fell were of a very different type from those whose petty tribes lived in a state of constant war with each other on the banks of the Congo and the Amazon. But the results are also to be in part accounted for by the fact that on both these rivers food was so abundant that one of the most powerful stimuli to united action, especially in an enervating tropical region, was wanting; and no country can ever be developed except to a very limited extent by isolated action.

What can be effected by the introduction of a different type of people into an environment that either overwhelmed its

primitive population, or from which they were able to glean but a scanty sustenance, may be seen in any part of the globe. As civilization advances, indeed as one condition of its advance, man has been more and more able to overcome the natural effects of his geographical environment, though of course there are limits to this, and it ought to be the business of geography to discover what these limits are. Thus, for example, distances form one of the elementary factors with which we have to deal in studying the surface of the earth, and the enormous contraction of distances accomplished by the application of steam to locomotion, and the discovery of the electric telegraph, has been a potent aid to man in modifying some of the geographical conditions to which he has to adapt himself. The piercing of an obstructive isthmus may effect a radical change in the geographical conditions which influence commerce. The construction of the Suez Canal has restored to the Mediterranean that commercial activity which was diverted by the discovery of the Cape route. By disafforesting here and planting there, we have been able appreciably to modify rainfall, and thereby climate. Insanitary regions, fatal to the European constitution, have been sweetened and rendered wholesome by transplanting the eucalyptus from Australia. Arid deserts have been rendered fruitful by judicious irrigation and storage. Railways and steamers, by bringing sanatoria within a few hours' distance, and home itself within reach of a short holiday, have rendered it possible for Europeans to live and work in the tropics. Such are some of the directions in which inventive humanity has been able to modify its geographical conditions, and render them more easily adaptable to its requirements.

And this suggests the important services which geography may render when applied to colonial enterprise. In their eagerness to divide the world up into colonies, and protectorates, and "spheres of influence," European nations have lost their heads during the last five years. They have been grabbing blindly at whatever lands remain unannexed, apparently regardless of their adaptability, and as if anxious only to add as many square miles as possible to the statistics of their foreign possessions. Germany, for example, has acquired in Africa about a million square miles, half of it a hopeless desert; and France has been trying to conjure into instantaneous existence a rival to our

Indian empire, in a region where the geographical conditions are totally different, and forgetful of the fact that British India has been the slow growth of two centuries.

But what are some of the geographical problems to be solved in connection with colonization? If we bear in mind that colonies are of at least two distinct kinds, and that the key-word of geography is distribution, it will help us to answer the question. There are, first, what the French call colonies of exploitation—in other words, plantations; and, secondly, colonies of settlement, or those adapted to receive a new population from the mother-country and elsewhere. The former, as M. Leroy Beaulieu points out, are adapted to a wealthy country, with no surplus population, while the latter demand a constant excess of population, as well indeed as a certain amount of capital. Nearly all the foreign possessions of France and those of Holland are of the former type, while those of England embrace colonies of both types. The first question to answer, then, with reference to any colony is, to which of these two types does it belong? And this, it should be remembered, is not always a question of latitude, though as a rule it is; for in Brazil we find well within the tropics colonies of Germans and Swiss, who work and flourish as if in their native land. But then it should be remembered that the altitude of the Brazilian table-land counteracts the natural results of latitude. Such colonies would be impossible on the low-lying coast. We have been told by enthusiasts that in the plateau land even of tropical Africa there is no reason why Europeans should not work and retain their health; others again, of a more scientific turn of mind, tell us that European labor in tropical Africa is impossible. At all events, if such adaptable table-lands exist, they have not been tested. Even if they were proved suitable to the European constitution, the geographer would have to tell us whether they could be turned to any account, whether they were within the region of abundant or the region of scanty rainfall; still more, if anything could be produced therein which would be wanted by the outside world, and, if so, whether there are means of taking it to where it was required, without weighting it, beyond possibility of profit, with expenses of conveyance. As a rule, tropical colonies can only be colonies of exploitation, or plantations; and the question which geography should help to solve is, under what conditions can they be

turned to account, or exploited, by the country to which they are annexed? Here, again, it is largely a question of distribution. What are the great physical features of the colony and their distribution, and how do they help or hinder its exploitation? What is the nature of the climate? What is the distribution of temperature and rainfall in space (*i. e.*, with reference to the various physical features) and in time? What native products are there, and how are they distributed, especially with reference to accessibility and communications, and can they be worked and brought to market at a rate that will place them in favorable competition with similar products from other parts of the world? What is the distribution and character of the soil, and for what exotic products is it adapted? This last is an all-important question, for the mere collection of the natural vegetable and animal products of a tropical region will only develop a colony within very narrow limits. Then comes the subject of population and its distribution. For a colony of the plantation kind this is a critical question, for it involves at once that of labor, without which, in abundance, the colony is a barren possession. If the natives cannot be induced to give themselves voluntarily to systematic labor, there are evidently only two courses open if the colony is to be carried on at all—they must either be compelled to work, or labor must be imported from the outside. Germany seems inclined to solve this ever-recurring difficulty, so far as her east-African possessions are concerned, after the former fashion; in Mauritius and others of our colonies we have adopted the latter alternative. Either course is attended with danger and difficulties, and too often involves what is simply a form of slavery.

But in order that a plantation colony may be worked effectively, white supervision is absolutely necessary; and here again we are faced with another question of distribution—the distribution of men adapted to the conditions of Europe, over a region in which the conditions are entirely different. It is well to repeat that it is not the business of geography to deal with individuals, but with groups; it is the function of the physiologist to investigate the action of climate on the individual constitution, just as we look to the meteorologist to provide us with the data from which we may draw conclusions as to climate. The geographer has to do with results in both cases; given certain

conditions of topography and certain types of men, what is the ratio of adaptability of the one to the other?

Such are some of the directions in which geography may yield valuable help when applied to colonies of the plantation class; and the field thus covered embraces to some extent colonies of settlement, colonies of the type of Australia, the Cape, and Canada. Here the problem of adaptability must be worked out on a much larger scale; it is no mere question of the temporary residence of a few directing Europeans, but the wholesale transference of a people from one set of geographical conditions to another. Evidently the first thing to do is to discover in the minutest detail what are these geographical conditions, how far they can at once be turned to service by a new population, and how far they must be modified in order that the colony may be carried to its maximum development. What, for example, is the distribution of rainfall and of surface water (rivers, lakes, etc.) over such a continent as Australia? Before inducing farmers to migrate to any particular district, it would be only fair to let them know how far that district is adaptable to their conditions. Is the soil suited for agricultural operations, and, if so, is there a certainty of the minimum supply of rainfall necessary to render such operations successful? If not, is irrigation possible? If all these conditions are favorable, what about communications, and what about sanitary conditions? All this implies a very thorough, and detailed, and long-continued geographical study of a colony, and much more minute and ample information than is generally furnished by emigration agents. We are told by an eminent statistician that in the year 2000 Australia, at the present rate of increase, will have a population of about one hundred and ninety millions. True, Australia is not much smaller than Europe, but does what we know of its geographical conditions render such an increase desirable even if it is probable? Europe, with the most favorable conditions of soil, and climate, and highly developed industries, has only a population of three hundred and fifty millions, while nearly one-half of Australia is desert. From neglect or ignorance of known geographical conditions, or from taking no steps to counteract them, the most serious disasters to crops and flocks are of constant occurrence in Australia. It is therefore the most shortsighted policy imaginable in a young colony to neglect the survey of its territories;

public money cannot be better spent than in the maintenance of an efficient survey service, and a carefully selected network of meteorological stations. For evidently the first requisite to the development of any country is a complete knowledge of its resources, and the essential groundwork of such knowledge is mainly geographical in its character. One of the best examples of the utility of efficient survey and meteorological services is to be found in British India, the immense development of the agriculture of which is mainly due to the application of the knowledge thus acquired; while the conditions that lead to famines are now so well known that they can be to a large extent met and their lamentable consequences avoided. An equally thorough and precise knowledge of the geographical conditions, in their widest sense, of all our colonies would prevent many serious mistakes — mistakes as to the type of people for whom they are adapted, as to the kinds of culture for which they are suited, as to the imposition of tariffs, the fostering of particular industries, and the limits within which outside commercial enterprise is possible. It is information of this character which the Imperial Institute will be expected to supply; not the vague and partial statements to be found in official pamphlets for emigrants, but data as precise, detailed, and exhaustive about every section of every one of our colonies as a mathematician would expect to be furnished with were he asked to work out a mathematical problem. A little more knowledge of geography on the part of public men and journalists would have prevented much of the foolish talk and foolish writing recently indulged in over the annexations of France and Germany; for then they would have known that scarcely anything that has been annexed was worth having, so far as we are concerned, either from a colonial, commercial, or strategical point of view. Indeed, a broad consideration of the requirements of the British Empire from any of these standpoints shows, in my estimation, that except at one or two points we may well be content with what we have, and let the rest of Europe scramble for the remainder.

Commerce has become cosmopolitan; it has ceased to be the monopoly of any one nation, and it carries its operations into every corner of the globe. Every nation and every merchant feels the intensity of the competition, and we are all convinced at last that, while swiftness and

strength are important, they are of little avail without knowledge; superior knowledge, in the end, must win the race. The Germans, we are assured, are running us hard in all the markets of the world, and that mainly because their manufacturers and their commercial men are better informed, and know better how to adapt themselves to geographical conditions than we do. The young Germans who come to England and take the City by storm have all had a thorough training in one of the admirable commercial schools on the Continent — schools to which we have nothing corresponding in this country. In the curriculum of these institutions commercial geography occupies a place of the first importance; not the barren thing that passes under that name in this country, but embracing a field that touches the practical business of commerce at every point.

The history of commerce is inseparable from the history of civilization, and as that history to a large extent deals with the opening up of the world by new trade-routes and the development of the products of the earth's surface, it is mainly geographical: and no one desirous of having a thorough comprehension of the conditions and course of commerce at the present day can afford to neglect its historical aspects. A knowledge of the causes that have led to the growth and decay of commerce in particular regions in the past, of the influences that have been at work in the opening up of new trade-routes and the abandonment of old ones, of the effects of facilities and hindrances of all kinds to free distribution, cannot but be of service in endeavoring to forecast the future. Commerce is essentially the exchange of the surplus economical products of the various regions of the globe. Commercial geography, therefore, implies a knowledge of these regions, and of the various local conditions under which the commodities are produced; as also of the places to which it would be most profitable to transfer them, and of their local conditions; and, lastly, of all the circumstances that help and hinder such transference. How frequently, of late, have we had complaints from our consuls of the serious blunders made by British exporters through their ignorance of local conditions, ignorance of the best trade-routes, ignorance of the wants of particular localities, ignorance of the people whom they desire to have for customers; and that in countries both civilized and barbarous. Germans and Americans, for example,

both in China and in Africa, compel the British trader to give way, simply because they are better acquainted with local conditions, and know how to adapt themselves thereto.

The basis of commercial geography, like the basis of every other application of the subject, must be a thorough knowledge of physical conditions, of the distribution of products of all kinds, and of the various types of humanity of which these conditions form the environment. The more minute and thorough this knowledge is in the case of each country and each region, the better able will the student be to apply his knowledge to practical uses. For this purpose everything that can throw light on local conditions ought to be introduced, as is done in the Vienna commercial school, where, for example, illustrated local journals from all parts of the world are largely made use of. All the great lines of communication, past and present, should be studied in all their aspects and practical bearings; and if a commercial student is likely in the future to have to deal mainly with some particular region or country, the relation of its internal communications to its sources of supply and its markets ought to be mastered in detail. Postal communications, telegraphs, tariffs, are essentially geographical from the standpoint of distribution, as facilitating or hindering transference, and must be attended to; as are also commercial and industrial associations and trade-leagues. Even the religion, superstitions, and prejudices of people may be of serious account in trade transactions, and therefore deserve attention. True, some of these matters may be dealt with from other standpoints, and are so dealt with in efficient commercial schools, but they all come more or less within the sphere of applied geography, of topographical distribution, and that ought to be the starting-point in dealing with them. In fact, geography in its most comprehensive sense ought to be the basis of mercantile technical education; it will be a guide in dealing not only with central Africa, with South America, and with New Guinea, but also in one or other of its branches with the oldest States of Europe and the most isolated countries of Asia.

As a sequel to the study of commercial geography from the purely geographical standpoint, the geography of each product ought to be worked out from its origin to its destination. Our cottons, and woollens, and iron manufactures ought to be followed from the factory to their possible

markets, through all obstacles to their diffusion. In like manner the various raw materials which we import should be taken up in their native habitat and traced throughout their career until landed at their destinations. This would involve an investigation of the conditions under which the commodities are produced, of all local circumstances connected with country and people affecting quality, quantity, cost, and facility of transmission; of the means by which they are conveyed to the port of export; of tariffs, and other expenses to be there levied; ocean and other routes to the importing country; any hindrances in the way of tariffs, etc., to be met with there; and internal routes to the final destination. Some ports, from their geographical position, might be much more convenient and less expensive than others. Thus, Havre as compared with Antwerp has so many disadvantages, owing to its geographical position, for French commerce, that steps are being taken for the construction of a new commercial port to take its place.

Take wheat as a specimen of a commercial product. We find it produced in exportable quantities in Russia, North America, Australia, and India — four regions differing markedly in geographical character. To start with, what are the conditions of soil and climate and culture most favorable to the maximum product per acre of the best kinds of wheat, and how far does each of the four regions comply with these conditions? What are the various local hindrances and facilities to the production of wheat in the four regions? At what seasons are the crops available for export? What are the quantities obtainable, according to trustworthy averages, and what is the price on the spot? Then would come the subject of communication to the port of shipment and the expenses attendant thereon, the various ocean routes and lines of vessels available; risks from transshipment and from other causes connected with transit; tariff and other dues at destination; and the internal facilities or hindrances for conveyance to the market. So with tea, with rubber, with copper, with timber, and other products. Distribution is, again, the key word here as elsewhere; and commercial geography might be made conducive not only to commerce in its ordinary sense, but to other enterprises and transactions dependent to any extent on local conditions and topographical distribution.

Such are a few of the directions in which geographical knowledge may be

applied with practical results. Of course this may be done on the most advanced scale; it may be for the discovery of a scientific frontier; for the organization of an extensive line of defence; for the exploitation of a colony; for the industrial development of a continent; or it may be reduced to the elementary dimensions required for a middle-class school. But in whatever direction geographical knowledge may be applied, the application must be based on the subject as a department of science dealing with the physical features of the earth's surface as the topographical environment of humanity.

J. SCOTT Keltie.

From Temple Bar.

A CHAPTER ON PROPOSALS.

(BEING A MAIDEN MEDITATION.)

PART II.

THE year after I was two-and-twenty I fell in love, and badly, as Algie described it. I suppose there is an attraction about the impossibilities that helps to send us head foremost towards them. Certainly it was Mark's poverty, his lack of success, and his father's disappointment that first set me thinking of him. From the marrying point of view he was altogether to be avoided, but of course I refused to see it. Tall, handsome, and clever, with unfailing spirits and ready wit, he made every other man seem commonplace and uninteresting. He was indolent and selfish, he had perhaps every fault that could not be called a vice, and yet he was delightful. I cannot describe him. I only knew that I loved him with all my heart, would have died for him, lived for him, suffered and thought it sweet, have been his slave, had he wished it — but what is the good of going over it all? He was the son of an old friend of my father, and after he came to town was always at our house. He swore he loved me, and I believed him. I did not give in easily, but when I did I stood by him. My father stormed and my mother entreated, but I just said simply that there was no one else in the world, there never would be, and I would wait until he had made money enough and then I would marry him. He asked me a hundred times if I could bear to be poor for his sake, and a hundred times I answered yes. Even now that I hate him, and think of him with a boundless scorn, there are moments when I stop to think and cry

out, "Oh, if he had been—what he never was for a single moment," and I put aside the hate and scorn to love him with a hopeless madness. But this is too ridiculous. The day after to-morrow, and how calm and well-ordered a life will I begin! We insisted on being engaged, Mark Elliston and I; my father might as well have talked to the whirlwind, so he gave in; but it was a bitter trouble to him, for Mark had done worse than badly at Oxford, had no profession, no expectations, nothing but an allowance from his father. He used to say "something would turn up; there was often an easy post floating ready for the watching ones to seize, and if not he would write a book, or we could go abroad, or do something when he had thought the matter over." I think there was a fascination even in his indefinite future that caught me. Besides I used to think that with his cleverness he was sure to make a career somehow. At worst it would be fun to be poor, we used to say. Sometimes Mark wondered if he could get out to the far West and start a ranche. I used to picture a vast track of land, the rough life, the blue sky, and he, in a broad-brimmed hat that did not prevent his dear face from getting sunburnt, coming home in the noontide heat to the meal that I had cooked—oh what a fool I was, and how sweet I should have thought it just to lie down and die for him had he but wished it!

That May my father's crash came. I need not enter upon it here. He lost, I think, seventy thousand pounds in the Derby week; we had been in debt before, and there was the usual result. Relations were applied to, and reproached and upbraided us, but still they were very good. My brother Algernon had luckily taken his degree; he vanished abroad for the summer with a reading party, and afterwards went to India for a year to coach a native prince. The others, with the exception of my sister Rose and myself, were dotted about among the irate relations. Things were so bad that my father thought it best to go abroad for a time, while my mother, Rose, and I went down to a small place five-and-thirty miles from London, called Hillford, and lived on a pittance. Everything had been sold, even our dresses, our books, our music, and we were afraid to let any one know where we were.

Mark was very true all that time. He wrote every day, and came from Saturday to Monday all July and part of August, till he went to the Engadine with some

friends, and from there his letters were constant and full of protestations. We would be married, he said, as soon as he could raise a couple of hundred, and amuse ourselves by seeing what would happen next. It would be an excellent idea, he thought, and something would be sure to turn up if we seriously made ready for it.

Meanwhile it was terribly dull at Hillford. We knew no one and carefully avoided doing so. The lodging was shabby, we had no money for luxury, scarcely any for comforts. My mother fretted and Rose chafed at the long, empty days, especially when the weather was bad. We had no books, no piano, nothing to do but sew and wonder if anything good would ever happen to us again, when this relation would relent, or that one do something for us, and what the chances were of our ever getting back to any position at all in the world.

One day in a London paper I saw an advertisement for a governess, and an address was given at Hillford. I looked at it vacantly, then the thought struck me, why should I not answer it? I was energetic and accomplished, and could probably do all that was required. The very thought of work cheered me, and the idea of giving my mother some of those things she missed so much determined me. I applied for the post, and became daily governess to four motherless children. The papa, Mr. Simpson, was something in the City, a tea-broker I think, for he had offices in Mincing Lane. He was a tall, thin, severe-looking man of about forty-two, with a large nose and many lines about his eyes. He always wore a frock-coat. He was very grave and reserved, but when he talked he used too many words to express himself, and his manner was slightly patronizing. Still this did not affect me. He was very business-like, and each month when he sent me my salary enclosed a form of receipt with a stamp affixed ready for my signature. At first I saw little of him; then, instead of going to town every day, he stayed at home and frequently joined us in our walk. I sincerely wished him at Jericho, for we all felt kept in order by his presence. On Sundays at church I noticed that he carefully watched me, but with so sombre and critical an expression on his face that I thought he was merely considering my fitness to conduct the education of his children. One evening, after I had been going to his house for about four months, a letter came for me. When I opened it

and saw its length, I thought that I had done something wrong and this was my dismissal. Instead, it was an offer of marriage from Mr. Simpson, and business-like enough in all conscience. My cheeks burnt as I read it, the scalding tears filled my eyes and half blinded me. It was an odd vista into the world of the practical and commonplace.

"Holly House, Hillford, Nov. 20th, 188—.

"DEAR MADAM, —

"I must ask you to give this letter your most earnest attention and serious consideration, and to send me an explicit answer concerning which there shall be neither question nor doubt, nor yet any room for discussion as to your meaning at a future date. I have been much struck with your conduct in reference to my children; you have advanced them, not merely in their studies, but in their manner, bearing, and general behavior. I have also observed with great pleasure your own deportment since you came to Hillford; it has been quiet, dignified, and ladylike, and besides this, I have not been able to help admiring your modesty, and I must add — and that without flattery — your personal attractions. You have gained my sincere respect, nay, more, my true regard. I had made up my mind not again to commit the momentous and lifelong step of matrimony, and in this resolution till I saw you I never wavered. I have, however, been lately considering that it might be for my children's happiness and my own if I altered my determination, and the good looks and good qualities noted above have caused me to do so. I am therefore prepared, if you think it will be for your happiness as well as mine, to make you my wife within three months from this date, and I will engage to make suitable provision for you in case of widowhood. You would find me a kind, considerate, and affectionate husband, if sometimes hasty; and in you I am persuaded I should find a good and amiable wife. It is unnecessary to say that my position is excellent, and that with me you would have every comfort, not to say luxury. I need hardly add that from the circumstance of your being a governess I am prepared to hear that you have neither fortune nor expectations. Awaiting an early reply,

"I am, yours faithfully,

"JAMES T. SIMPSON."

He had an early reply, and I fear a brusque one, for after all he had written the best letter he could, according to his lights.

I remember sitting over a fire that would not burn, but smoked and flickered round the dreary room, and wondering whether I should show that letter to Mark. At first there had been perfect confidence between us, but lately it had been different, and I only told him those things that were certain not to vex him. His letters too were growing cold. Try as I would to disguise it, they were growing cold, and he criticised all my words and doings as an ardent lover never does. "By Jove! fancy your being a governess, Kathy," he said, when I told him that I was going to teach the Simpson children, "rather a come-down you know."

"Why is it a come-down?" I asked; "I shall be as good as I always was — better."

"Humph! I shouldn't like the archdeacon to know it." The archdeacon was his father, but he seldom spoke of him in that formal fashion. I did not say any more, I did not love him less, but between us there grew up a reserve, and in my heart there was a spark of resentment that only needed fanning to burn fiercely. Perhaps he was snobby enough to object to my earning money. I am glad I did not marry him, I should have found him out, and in my nature there is a terrible capacity for contempt.

The dreary Christmas dragged by, and the new year came. Every morning I waited with a nameless dread for my love-letter, and was afraid lest my mother and Rose would notice how I had changed. We moved from Hillford; it was so unpleasant to encounter the Simpsons whenever we went out. We went nearer to London, but Mark did not come very often, and he only wrote twice a week now — twice a week with even exactness, as though it was a duty to be fulfilled. One day, there was a postscript to a letter: "A widow, precious ugly and eight-and-thirty if she is a day, but good-natured, is spoony on me, I believe. What would you say if I married her, my pussy-cat? She has a snug little box in Park Lane, and a lanky son of seventeen."

I thought it a joke, and forgot it, but still his letters grew shorter and his visits fewer and farther between. At last one day he came. I noticed that his eyes did not meet mine. We went out together. There was a long, lonely road, with here and there a seat by its side. We sat down silently, the fond looks gone from our eyes, the laughter from our lips.

"Kathleen," he said suddenly, and turning quickly round, he took both my hands

and held them fast, "do you think you could be content never to marry?"

I felt my heart stand still.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, darling, I do not think you would marry anybody but me — and it is no use marrying me. I am head and ears in debt, I hate work and shall never do anything."

"I will work for us both," I said, "if you love me still, if you have not changed?"

"I have not changed at heart, but — but — the fact is, I am engaged, and going to be married on the fifteenth of next month; it is all arranged."

"Yes," I said calmly; "and to whom?"

"To Mrs. Powis, — that widow. She's not a bad sort, she has lots of money, and you know, darling, we should never come to anything. It is much the most sensible thing to do."

I looked up at him, but could not speak. He put his arms round me, and all things seemed to swim. I could not be angry or feel anything except that I had reached the end of the world, a bad and worthless world, if you like, but still the end of the whole wide world.

"Don't look at me like that," he said. "I shall never love any one but you."

But still I could not speak, I felt so unutterably tired, so worn and dazed. I did not quite know if I was awake or dreaming, and through the mist that gathered before my eyes, I saw his face, and heard his voice, and felt his hands grasp mine — warm, firm hands that had always seemed to hold my whole life's happiness in their grasp.

"Is money so precious to you?" I asked at last.

"Well — well, I don't think I could stand poverty, and debts, and lodgings, and all that; see what you have suffered."

"Yes?"

"And then you know it would please our people on both sides if we broke it off. But don't fret, dear, I shall never care for any one else. She's a nice, sensible woman and all that, but —"

"Does she think you love her?"

He laughed uneasily.

"Of course she thinks so; a woman will think anything, you know, but no one falls in love with a woman of that sort."

"Don't you care for her at all, Mark?"

"Well, no, I don't think I do," he said.

"But it is no good our going on as we are, we never really could marry, you know, Kathy dear, and she's not bad, good-tempered, and easy to get along with, and I hear she has quite five thousand a year;

she is ten years older than I am, so it is just five hundred for each year;" and he tried to laugh again.

"Yes, no doubt it will be delightful," I answered. "How long have you been engaged to her?"

He gave a little gulp before he answered, for he knew to how much hypocrisy he was confessing.

"Well, since the beginning of December; but you know I didn't see the good of telling you till it was absolutely settled — it is now," he went on in a determined voice. "We are to be married on the fifteenth of next month, — just three weeks; she says she is counting the days;" and he gave a short, little laugh. "You won't make a fuss or anything, will you, darling? and I say — don't look like that, Kathy; I believe I shall always care for you, and —"

"Yes?"

"But the other thing is all settled now. The fact is, I hate work and can't stand poverty, and she'll pay up some things for me —" I had got up slowly; he stopped and looked at me. "What is the matter?" he asked.

I felt my lips curl, though cold, hopeless tears gathered in my eyes. Thank Heaven he did not see them!

"Nothing is the matter, only you must let me go home," I said quickly; "you must let me go home, and alone; if I stay any longer I shall hate you."

It seemed as if I were choking, as if the tears were blinding me. I could not help it, for I had believed in him so steadfastly. I turned to go but he tried to stop me, he caught my hand and covered it with kisses; they made me shudder.

"Please let me go," I said entreatingly. I forget what he answered.

It is all like a dream. I only know that I nearly broke my heart, not for love of him, as I might have done had I seen him lying dead, but just for bitter scorn.

It was strange how silently the days went by; the summer and autumn waned; the trees, bare and brown, shivered into their winter garment of snow, the snow melted, and the sun shone; and it was spring again. It seemed as if time took no account of me.

My father talked of returning, an aunt came to see us, and carried Rose back with her for the season. Rose was nearly seventeen, an age at which girls often married, the aunt said as she took her away. It was like a dream seeing her go.

When Rose had gone I roused myself

and tried to live for my dear mother, who had borne all things without complaining. I shall always look back to those days when we were alone together, and read, and talked, and took long walks, seeking for first spring flowers in the hedgerows. I gave some music-lessons in the mornings, and was very proud of the money I earned and the little luxuries it bought. How good it must be to belong wholly to working-folk! They may have more troubles than rich people, but they have many pleasures that are entirely their own. They must be so proud in their hearts if ever they sit down to think, for they have made all things in the world; who could live in it but for their busy brains and toiling hands? The rich are of little use except to spend the money they do not even earn. I used to think thus as I walked to and fro to my daily pupils, with an odd sense of usefulness that I had never known in all my life before. I grew to understand many things in those lonely walks, and realized keenly how easily the finger of poverty could mould a democrat.

One day a letter came; it had gone to a relation's with a request that it might be forwarded, and at last it found me. It had an American postmark; I knew no one in America, and opened it wonderingly. It was signed Will Dallin. For a moment I was puzzled, and then remembered. Years before I had sometimes stayed with a bachelor uncle down in Somersetshire. In the little town there was a doctor whom he liked very much, and who often came over in the afternoon for a game of billiards. The doctor had a tall, good-looking son, very young and fair. We amused ourselves while our elders were absorbed in their game. We took long walks in the grounds to see the dogs, or a colt my uncle had bought, or to the mountain-ash at the far end of the copse. I flirted with him, as I did with every one else who came in my way (how I hate myself as I sit and think of it!). At last there was a wild declaration with equally wild protestations that he knew it was no good and he should go away forever, but he loved me, he should love me all his life long. I did not know what to do, it took me by surprise, the simple, honest lad, his deep, true voice, the look that came into his clear blue eyes. I liked him, and told him so, but I did not love him, or mean to marry any one just then, and in truth he did not ask me, but having poured out his love, seemed satisfied. I avoided seeing him again; but I need not have done so, for, as if to prevent me from

feeling awkward, he went away, telling his father that he wanted to see the world, and no one guessed at any other reason. I forgot him, he passed altogether out of my life and thoughts until his letter came:—

“New York, U. S. A.

“DEAR KATHLEEN,—

“Many a time, for my own delight, and just to keep my heart in an atmosphere of pure love, have I written that sweet name; and now I venture to write it down for your own dear eyes to rest on.

“I hope (against hope) that you have not allowed the youth you knew years ago, ages, they seem to me, to pass out of your mind altogether. I used to flatter myself sometimes that I held a place even in your warm heart; but in those days you were still very young, and *cruelly* rich, and it was only once my tongue dared tell you all my heart felt towards you. I was little more than a boy, just twenty, and had nothing in the way of worldly goods—only an honest name, and a heart filled with love for you, and an ambition beyond my years. I contented myself with loving you, and felt strangely lifted into a higher life by the adoration I gave you. I did have my hours of *inferno* when I heard of others who were blessed with the gifts and wealth which had been denied me, crowding round and being near you, and in a way seeming to shut me out even from your thoughts; but I loved you better than myself, even in my green young days, and contentment came to me in some degree if I could but hear that you were happy.

“Well, dear, I am a man now (but so far away from you); yet still I love you—have loved but you during all those long years. I would it were possible to be instantly in your sweet presence that my eyes might help my poor words to make you feel how sincerely and deeply I love you!

“I have just heard that you are no longer rich, and this emboldens me to write of that which has been during all these years my help and comfort. When I think of you, your goodness of heart, your exceeding beauty, of all that you are, I feel how poor am I with only my great love to offer you. I have achieved an honorable place in my profession, and am ambitious enough to strive for the highest point; but only that I may be worthy of entertaining a love for you, which after all may not find an echo in your heart. The passion I bear you has helped me through these long years of struggle, and I have

been true to you, and true to my own better self.

"I have always hoped to win you, but failing that, to be worthy of loving you, and I have loved you, and none but you, and shall go on, in the face of your *yea* or *nay*, loving you truly to the end of time. In any case I can but feel most grateful to the power invisible which has enabled me to love profoundly a person so beautiful, a character so noble, and a heart so tender and true.

"If it be possible for you to love me, let me know it at once, dear heart; but if you must say no to me (and Heaven forbid it), write out of the tenderness of your heart that you are sorry for me and can pardon me for presuming to set mine so high.

"Either way you shall find a loyal lover or a true friend.

"Always lovingly yours,
"WILL DALLIN."

I sat with that true-hearted letter before me and hesitated. I was very tired of life, the passionate agonized tiredness of youth after it has first sipped bitter pain. I could have married him, could have found rest and comfort in going away into the far-off world, away from all things that had played me false; but there was my mother, and there was this — he loved me so dearly. I felt that it would be an insult and more — a cruel shame to take his honest life into my hands when I had no heart to give him back. So I wrote to him and said no; but I wrote gratefully, even affectionately. I told him that I had no love for him of the sort a wife should give her husband, that I was not good enough, not nearly good enough for him, and that I should remember him all my life long, and I shall. Dear honest, manly Will, I hope some sweet woman's heart is yours, and that you love her back with all the love that I was never worthy of for a single hour in my whole life.

Suddenly our worldly affairs took a violent turn for the better. An aunt of my mother's died, leaving us all she had. This proved to be quite four thousand a year, and she prudently tied it up very tightly so that we were forever lifted above poverty, and placed again in a comfortable position. We never went back to our old extravagant habits, but we all came together again, and made a pleasant home in Onslow Gardens. I sit there to-night thinking over the old days and tearing up the old letters. We have not been very rich here, for among ten children four

thousand a year does not go very far; but we have been very happy — all the happier for having tasted poverty. An altogether different set has gathered round us here from that of Princes' Gate; it may have been less fashionable, but it has been more interesting, composed of clever people — of people who have thought and felt and put into the world more than money can buy or the grave can hide. The new life pleased us all; it chased away even my gravity, and I gave myself up to the excitement of making the new home pretty and gathering round us new friends. One day in Piccadilly I came upon Mark and his bride face to face. She looked older than her age; she was very plain, almost ugly, with a hook nose (which I have always particularly disliked), and deep lines on her face. Beside them strode a tall youth, who looked absolutely ridiculous in an Eton suit. I was looking my very best, and I saw that Mark knew it.

In the early spring after we came here, I had a really delightful time. My cousin Jim, who was stationed at Malta, was to marry the governor's daughter there. His mother was to go to the wedding, and by P. & O. She invited me to go with her. Of course I joyfully accepted, and never in my life did I have a better time than on that voyage to Malta. The ship was crammed with men going to India; there were very few women on board, and providentially they were all thoroughly sea-sick. I am never sea-sick, and nothing puts me into such good looks and excellent spirits as being on the water. We were only four days getting to Gibraltar, but before we put in there I had quite a little following. A man is never more inclined for sentiment than when, his heart still tender from recent partings, he paces a long white deck in the twilight or moonlight, and talks in a low tone of the life he has left, of the life before him, and of the world in general, until at last his thoughts gradually concentrate themselves on just one woman, — the one who is beside him. Gradually he thinks that the sea and sky and twilight and all the rest are whispering that he and she, and fate were all meant for a mystic union that only needs a proposal to set it going, and a marriage ceremony to cement it forever.

I think the nicest man on board, take him altogether, was Ernest Strange. He rendered us some trifling service at Southampton, so the acquaintance began at once, for my aunt knew his name, and it turned out that some cousins of his were

neighbors of hers in Scotland. This for board ship was quite sufficient to constitute an intimacy. He was rather a spoilt young man, and visibly expected to be fallen in love with; he conveyed to you in delicate terms that all women of good taste did it. He was handsome and had a charming though slightly affected manner. He had been abroad a good deal, and talked of Italy, pictures, and music, and declared that he always thought in Italian. We stayed two days at Gibraltar instead of the usual few hours, owing to a trifling accident on board, and this prolonged our voyage. Of course we were ashore those two days, and Mr. Strange was always with us, or rather with me, for my aunt was only too glad to rest quietly at the little hotel on the New Mole parade while he and I went about together. We rode to the cork woods, drove to Europa Point, hung about the curiosity shops in the main street, and lingered in the public garden on the side of the rock to listen to the band or to watch the misty African shore. Before we reached Malta it seemed as if we had known each other for years. I did not think he meant marriage. I thought he was one of those men who flirt, who fall half-way in love and then fall out again. But he was not, with the last night on deck the proposal came, and he was aghast at not finding himself immediately accepted. Happily, as I thought, we were interrupted by my aunt; but when next morning the stewardess brought in the early tea, she brought me also a letter, and announced that we should be at Malta in about three hours' time. How I hated myself as I read it, and yet I had thought we both were but playing a pleasant game:—

"Wednesday Night.

"DEAR KATHLEEN,—

"To-morrow you will decide my fate. Oh! that to-morrow were past, yet then I shall perhaps be speeding on to India, regretting the troubled hope of to-day. In the gloomy cabin, lighted by the wavering lamp, with the swell of the sea tapping the bulwarks and keeping company to my beating heart, I think of the one whom I adore—fair, blue-eyed Kathleen. Do you remember the walks under the orange-trees at Gibraltar, the long ride to the green cork woods, the stern old fortifications, and far off in the distance, the African shore? You knew I loved you. Do you remember when you stood dreamily listening to the distant band, and to my

half-whispered talk, looking up now and then at the dim shore across the sea? All the time I was wondering what life would be like were you by my side on those distant and endless sands,—were we two alone, with the great wastes stretching far out into the mist. You would be all my company then, my joy, my life's everlasting romance. Oh, how I yearn for you! How long the hours seem when you are not with me! To-night on deck how charming you looked—your blue dress, your shady hat, the sea-breeze gently playing with your soot hair. All my life the memory of this night will remain imprinted on my heart.

"To-morrow we part—you stay at Malta, I go on to India. And there may I toil to make a position for the one I love, for she should live like a fairy princess, with all her wishes instantly fulfilled? Oh, surely you will not be so cruel as to dash all my hopes to the ground, and leave me a man without object in life, a machine dragging on a miserable existence, in a foreign clime, far from all that he knows and loves! To-morrow before breakfast I shall be up early on deck hoping for you, and for the answer I so longed for to-night. I love you, I adore you, and you surely know it. Good night, dear, sweet Kathleen; I cover this paper with kisses.

"ERNEST."

No, poor boy, I do not think he feared rejection when he wrote that letter. He did not believe me even to the last, and when he said good-bye at Malta, I saw by his eyes that he felt I should bitterly regret him, after, having taken my no for earnest, he had gone on his way to India. I hope he did, it would comfort his soul; though I do not think he suffered for me long. I heard some time afterwards that he was considered a great lady-killer at Poonah, gave himself terrible airs, and that all the girls were in love with him. I wonder if he is married yet. Let his letter go into the fire.

At Malta there was an offer from quite a nice young poverty-stricken lieutenant for whom I had rather a fancy. He was full of fun, and as he was a cousin of my cousin Jim's bride, we called ourselves relations and were very chummy indeed. I might have married him, I think, had I been younger and merrier, but I had been out so long, and known so many flirtations, that I felt old and experienced beside him, even a shade patronizing, though, as his letter shows, he did not feel it:—

"DEAREST COUSIN KATHLEEN, —

"I can't let you go back to England without trying my luck. I think you are the greatest darling I ever came across, and I am head and ears in love with you. No doubt I am a nass and a nidiot, but sometimes lately it has struck me that you rather like me. If you do (only it is too good to be true) we will be the two happiest people on earth. I have no money to speak of, and I sincerely hope you have not, but I think we have both a knack of amusing ourselves, so we can get on very well without it, and if you'll be my own dear, sweet, little duck of a wife we will enjoy ourselves every day of our lives, and I'll be your devoted slave and loving old man. Send me half a line, and if it is all right I shall be the happiest fellow on earth, and will tell you again what I want to tell you as long as I live, that I love you with all my heart.

"JACK."

Poor dear boy—he went to Cyprus and died of fever. Dear Jack, in fancy I can hear your merry laughter yet; there is a kiss for your letter before it goes into the fire, and may your true heart rest well.

There are only two letters left. The first is from Mr. Bridgeman, the sub-editor of the *Moment*, which he told me was the most important of daily papers, seeing that the *Times* and all the rest had long ceased to have any influence at all. He was a man of about five-and-thirty, with keen, clear eyes, a pleasant smile, and singularly pompous manners. He was virtually editor of the *Moment*, for his chief had delicate health and seldom did more than spend an occasional hour at the office. He had an unbounded belief in journalism, which he said was the favorite profession of the day, the resource of the learned and leisurely, the mainstay of the intellectual but impecunious, who made it the ladder by which they climbed, and the refuge of the destitute. The journalist, he would point out, now went everywhere, was a fashion, the figure of the period, was even creeping into novels as the hero of romance. I asked him once if he did not think that this was simply owing to the fact that men and women who went everywhere and would have been heroes and heroines of novels in any case now took to journalism, so that it was in fact the profession that was taken into society, not people who were taken into society on a newspaper's shoulders, and whether if after all journalism did not occasionally lose rather than gain by the

kind attentions of the cultured whose writings were often so palpably their own that they merely carried the weight of an individual opinion. But I was violently snubbed for my pains.

"But do you think any one is really influenced," I asked, "by what the people he met at dinner last night said in leaded type this morning?"

"Only a small minority dine out," he said scornfully.

"But even the majority, Mr. Bridgeman, don't you think that in these days of cheap travelling, abundant oratory, and leave to think for themselves, the working men, for instance, are uninfluenced by leaders? If a paper does not agree with them, they drop it and take another that does, and when that in turn does not agree with them, they think it is foolish and hug their own opinions with all the fervor of independence that has not yet outlived its salad days?" But he merely shook his head.

"I never argue with a young lady," he said, "especially when she is charming."

Why he wanted to marry me I never could imagine, unless it was that he might have a right to beat me for all my rudeness to him. I am not sure that he did not admire my courage in trying to tease him, but as I did not want to write for his paper, and never did anything to provoke either praise or blame in print, I felt free to amuse myself. One day I nearly made him angry by asking if after all he did not think the most powerful days of journalism were those when editors and their chief writers were almost unknown personalities, and were supposed to be strange, impressive beings who sat up beside the driver of the van, seeing clearly, listening to the route, sometimes pointing a warning finger, or even helping to turn a difficult corner, and then getting down to tell the people behind of the road ahead; or when they went silently among the crowd to feel the pulse of the country before they attempted to become its mouth-piece? But Mr. Bridgeman laughed.

"You ought to be a poet," he said.

"Or an editor?" I answered.

"No, an editor's wife," he suggested.

"Oh, matrimony would be thrown away upon me; but don't let us talk any more journalism, please, or I shall do something provoking, perhaps start a paper that will be the death of yours."

"A death it would recognize as inevitable and be proud to die."

"It is the only one that could stop the triumphant career of the *Moment*," I said

cruelly; and he thought I meant it. They talk of the vanity of women, but we could write whole big volumes of the vanity of men. Gradually it dawned upon me that all this talk of journalism was directed to me in strict confidence, that all these views were his inward and secret convictions which he never confided to the world, his usual part being that of an immaculate and far seeing editor, who treated with lofty disdain, as not worth mentioning, the little mistakes of his own paper. And not only so, but it dawned upon me too that this talk was designed to serve as training and moulding for an exalted post which, though no doubt he felt my unworthiness for it, he had determined to offer me. I grew alarmed, and remarked on every possible occasion that I did not intend to marry; I unfolded my plans for years to come, and dwelt on my longing and intention of seeing far countries in other quarters of the world. Mr. Bridgeman listened to all my remarks with an airy and indulgent smile, and sent me this offer of marriage written on office paper:

[Private.]

"DEAR MISS VANBOROUGH, —

"You are probably expecting this letter, and I think it is better for both parties that matters should be settled between us. Marrying has not been much in my way; hitherto indeed I have been inclined to think that on the whole I was better off single. Still, if you like me, I will confess that I like you; and if you are willing to try matrimony, why, so am I. I think we should get on pretty well together. You are not a strong-minded woman, which I should hate, and I do not think you would be very exacting, which I should never allow. As you know (for we have often discussed it), journalism is now the profession that carries all before it. It is the journalist who virtually governs the empire; it is most important therefore that he should marry a clever woman of tact and discretion. I feel sure that you would justify my opinion of you; and of me you would have at least no cause to be ashamed. It is hardly necessary here to enter into particulars regarding money matters; but sufficient to say that when I do they will be found to be quite satisfactory, and that though at present it is not my intention to make settlements on a wife, I should of course not neglect to provide for her or a possible family.

"Yours always,

"F. BRIDGEMAN.

"P.S. — I shall in all probability get

the editorship of this paper when the present incumbent dies, and seeing how completely the *Times* has had its day, and the manner in which without exception the other dailies are edited, I need not point out to a quick and clever girl like yourself what a really illustrious future the *Moment* has before it."

That remark about the present incumbent would have sealed Mr. Bridgeman's fate if nothing else had. I do not think he is married yet, and the *Moment*, as we all know, died the death of the unsuccessful. A comic paper kindly said its title had denoted the length of its popularity.

There is only one letter left, and that is from Adrian Sterne. He was a very poetic creature indeed, people said he was a genius, but I think he was overrated in the little set of which he was the centre. He had published two volumes of poems, but I never saw them, and do not even know what they were called. He told me that they were not for the uninitiated, but I never understood what he meant by that. I don't think he was in love with me, but he was much in love with his own idea of me, and used me as a peg on which to hang his sentiment. We met first at a ball. He was one of those men who hang about doorways and shrug their shoulders at the dancers. I heard that he said I was beautiful, which I never was, though I suppose I was pretty. Still no one objects to being thought beautiful, even if it is only by an error of judgment, and I felt a sudden interest in the long-haired gentleman with a pale face who raved of my attractions to various friends who kindly repeated his ravings to me. Besides many people thought a good deal of him at that time, he was invited everywhere, and his judgment in all matters concerning my sex was considered beyond contradiction. He was not uninteresting to look at; he was tall and slight, very pale, with long, lank dark hair. He looked as if he had been very ill, and might be so again. His clothes were always much too loose for him and hung in lines. He had a deep rich voice of singular beauty; he talked but little, but in every word he said there was a stamp of earnestness that impelled one to listen to him. At first he was content silently to follow me about from house to house, as far as engagements would admit of it. At four out of every six places he was to be seen clinging to the doorpost or supporting himself by the mantelpiece. We were introduced, but he seldom at-

tempted to speak to me; he merely gave me a long slow bow of greeting and another of good-bye. After a time, however, he would draw near, and, with a steadfast expression on his face, listen to my replies to the few remarks he addressed to me. Then suddenly he took to talking poetry, modern poetry chiefly, which he said was far better than any other that "had not had the change of at least three hundred years to sanctify it." He had an astonishing number of quotations at his fingers' ends, and these and an almost scornful mention of books, for he said "so few were good and true," made up his talk for some months. He never tried to become a shade more cordial, which, though I only laughed at him, made me feel a shade piqued and think that perhaps he admired me less on acquaintance than when he had worshipped me from a doorstep. But he spoke at last, and in most exalted language.

"Kathleen," he said suddenly one day, in a deep, rich voice, which I think he only used to express very strong emotion. I started, for hitherto he had never called me by my Christian name. "Let us cast aside this foolish pretence of ceremony; do you suppose that in my heart I call you Miss Vanborough?"

"I never thought about it, Mr. Sterne," I said stiffly; "and really you must not talk in that manner." I tried to laugh and not to look offended. "People never talk about hearts nowadays."

"Do you know how beautiful you are, dear Kathleen?" he asked sadly, not taking the least notice of my reply.

"I know perfectly that I am not beautiful at all; and indeed you must talk sensibly, Mr. Sterne, or I shall be very angry," I answered.

He smiled a large disdainful smile.

"It is too late for anger, my beautiful one. You may struggle as you will, but your fate and mine are interwoven in a web that can never be disentangled."

I was very angry, and refused to speak to him again; but it was impossible to take him very seriously. Gradually, and by dint of being much refused, I think he really did love me in his own way. The odd thing was that he never would believe in my refusal being real or final, but always returned to the attack, declaring that I loved him unawares.

At last it became quite insupportable. We were staying in the same country house, and he almost succeeded in making me look ridiculous before every one. I told him that I should have to speak to

my father. He answered me with great sadness.

"Do not be unkind to me," he said, "you do not know what you are doing. Sometimes I think it would be wise if I went away for a time and left you to commune with your own heart."

"I think it would be excellent," I answered.

"Do you?" he said almost eagerly. "I will go to-morrow; but when shall I return?"

"Oh, please don't return," I laughed.

"How you will change!" he said dreamily. "How little you know yourself, dear! I will go to-morrow morning, and you shall see me no more for three months — till the end of the year. On the last day of the year I will write to you — I will write to you out of the depths of my heart; promise me to answer it out of the depths of yours?"

"Yes, I will promise that," I answered.

The next morning, to my utter surprise, I heard that he had departed; I think he must have gone abroad, for he disappeared completely. It was quite effective.

Soon after Adrian Sterne made his dramatic exit, I first met Herbert. How well I remember him, as he entered the room with a friend who brought him one Sunday afternoon! Algernon, who had developed a good deal, liked him much, and was the means of his coming pretty often to our house. He was so utterly oblivious of me, and, indeed, in the ordinary sense, of every other woman, that I tried hard to make an impression on him and failed signally. But though he refused to show the slightest sign of flirtation, he was an excellent companion, and taught me to take an interest in many things of which I had hardly thought at all before. He seemed to crush down my old passionate, longing, half-disappointed self, and to awaken some new one that was cold and calm as he was, with new interests and new views of life, a self that found rest and profit for its soul in companionship with him. Suddenly I wanted to study, to work hard in some indefinite manner. He helped me, and never failed to look a shade contemptuous if I was stupid or idle. I wanted to find some business in life outside mere personal enjoyment, some usefulness to which knowledge would be a stepping-stone, something to do that was better worth doing than anything I had yet found, and that would concern others and be good for them and not contain thought of myself alone. I

gathered courage one day and talked to him of all the vague longings, the yearnings to know more and to do more that were forming themselves in my heart and brain. He treated my aspirations in a lofty manner, as if he thought them distinctly beyond me, and emotional phases he looked on at with wondering eyes as being altogether incomprehensible in a well-conducted person, and probably the result of a morbid state of health or mind. But he encouraged me to study, he lent me some books, and made out a list of others it would be advisable to get from a library, and though I only went on gropingly, not knowing to what end, as one that feels his way down a dim passage towards the closed door of a room he has never entered, yet did some meaning of life, some dream of things worth living for and living to vaguely suggest themselves; and these interests, that I had thought were but for philanthropists and students, or old and lonely folk, from whom all joyousness had departed, took hold and set me longing to use my hands and eyes and head. My heart was quite still and calm, it had nothing to do with all this, and of Herbert Fellowes himself I thought little. He was going abroad for a couple of months at Christmas, and I was anxious to see him gone, in order to think still more completely over the questions he had first suggested. No, not then, not since, nor ever has he caused my heart to beat one moment quicker. How strange it is to stop and think that in a few hours more our wedding morning—his and mine—will dawn! I wonder what he is doing to-night. Is he too raking up the past, or burying it? I know how he is occupied well enough. I can almost see him. He sits reading a yellow-paper-covered treatise on German philosophy. Perhaps he thinks to himself that he will pack it up, with another for me, in his portmanteau when we start on our honeymoon. What a dull honeymoon it will be! I wonder if I shall be a prig when I come back from it?

By the time Christmas came it seemed as if years had passed since my absurd parting with Adrian Sterne. I had almost forgotten him, and, for one is so apt to think that one's own state of mind is also another person's, I supposed he had quite forgotten me. Certainly I did not expect to hear from him as he had threatened. Herbert went off to Munich (of all cold places) and I settled down to life without him. So many interesting people were coming to our house, and I was beginning

to find out the advantage of being over five-and-twenty. Till that age but few thinking men condescend to talk seriously to a woman. It is one of their great mistakes. For even if we do not understand all you say, dear and clever men, we should be glad, even while we are still girls, if you would sometimes give us more than the fringe and froth of your conversation, and leave off merely flirting with us and paying us compliments, which do but turn our silly heads. Besides, you would do yourselves some good, for you would find us more companionable wives, or more endurable as maiden aunts to your children, if by-and-by we are delegated to that extensive range of feminine relationship. Still, after all, it does not matter—I seem to be in a hundred moods at once to-night—the time is coming, is almost here, when we can find our intellectual way about alone, even in our twenties or before; to doubt it would be insulting to the many bespectacled damsels one meets, the many brave women one knows who are usefully fighting out their battle of life alone.

But to return to my last lone love-letter. When New Year's morning came I did remember my romantic adorer, and searched quickly among my letters and cards. There was nothing from him. There was a little packet of books; I opened it quickly—it was a beautiful copy of Goethe in eight little volumes, and in the first one there was this simple inscription: "H. F. to K. V." My dear prig, far away in the Fatherland, had thought of me! I was not in love with him, I never have been,—God help me, for I am not now, but I was so glad to see that he had not forgotten me. His gift made me happy all day. Late in the morning I sat in this same room reading my Goethe and oblivious of all things besides when a letter was brought in. It was written on very thick and beautiful paper with a ragged edge, it was enclosed in a thick and beautiful envelope of uncouth shape, with a ragged edge to its flap. It was insufficiently stamped, and there was twopence to pay for extra postage. It is a mistake to send a love-letter insufficiently stamped, for one's sentiment feels dashed when one has just been hunting for two horrid pennies, and the envelope does not look dainty when it is marked with a big "2" in blue pencil. I sat down, half in a dream, but a cross dream, to read Mr. Sterne's letter. It was a most magnificent epistle, but made me feel as if everything were unreal, and per-

haps I was very heartless (I am), but I laughed a little. He must have taken so much trouble to compose it.

"KATHLEEN,—

"The fatal hour has come, the spell may be broken, and I sit down to write what all these months, since you would have it so, I did not dare to say. Kathleen, are you thinking of me to-night—this last night of the old year, of the old life I pray it may be, this year on which the new year and the new life may dawn?

"It is growing late, my heart's love—growing late, for I have lingered in pleasant imagery thinking of you, of your face, of your voice, of the sound of your fleet young step as, unseen by you, I heard it last adown the garden pathway; lingering, too, to wonder how your words will sound if the new year towards which I turn my straining eyes shall let me hear you say, 'I love you, Adrian, I love you.'

"Yes, it is growing late, but an hour to that strange meeting—the meeting at which all time changes, when between yesterday and to-morrow is born to-day, and not only so to-night, for there will be born, too, a weanling year. My darling, my beautiful one, is the analogy to go farther? Will there meet also to-night the umpires of our destinies? Will the past and the present meet—meet to give us a glorious future, a future in which hand in hand and heart to heart we shall forever go forward together? Forever, Kathleen, forever, for if but once our souls touch, you will know that love like mine is not for mortal life only but for all eternity. I think sometimes that when at last old and worn I reach the violet city and am counted unworthy to enter, that perhaps the name of Kathleen will be whispered about, and all past lovers sweet and true will pray, 'Let him in, for though he did all things ill, he loved one woman well.'

"I stop to think, to send out a long, loving thought to you. Is it fancy, or does it meet one that you have sent to me—meet in a mystic union that is but a symbol of an eternal union to come?

"My darling, my one love, my beautiful Kathleen, I love you. Write to me, dear one, write. Tell me that the world, that life, that Heaven itself has not played me false, that you are mine as I am yours forever—forever,

"ADRIAN STERNE."

That letter bewildered me, it was so confusing. It really seemed irreverent to reply to it in commonplace words, but

none others were at my command. I hope I wrote kindly, I know I wrote firmly, and I stayed awake half that New Year's night thinking how miserable he would be in the morning when my refusal reached him. I might have spared myself the trouble, for the next afternoon, waiting in the brougham while my mother went into a Bond Street shop, he and a friend passed by. They were shaking with laughter, and his voice rang out in a far merrier tone than I had thought it possessed. He was so absorbed in his joke that he did not notice the carriage, which he knew well enough, or see me. I hear he is going on the stage, partly because he has a talent for it, but chiefly on account of his admiration for a certain charming actress. I wonder what he would have done if I had accepted him? It would have been truly embarrassing for us both.

So I have torn up the last of my letters, and stand free of the old life, ready to begin the new.

I do not feel very joyous. I wonder why I accepted Herbert. It was not, as I said when I first sat down to-night, because he is well off or well placed, for there have been many men with those qualifications. I think it was the remembrance of feeling less lonely when he came back from Munich last spring that decided me. While he was away there was no one who could talk as he could talk of the things concerning which I was growing keen, none free as he was of fervor and exaggeration, of cant and self-consciousness. I am so tired of the exaggeration of all things that has crept into life until the whole of it is fevered and untrustworthy. To be with him after being with other people is like entering a bare, prim room after living in the luxurious ones of modern fashion, with their rich stuffs and colors, their semi-darkness and faint perfumes; a little cold and comfortless, no chance of sentiment, no dreams, no romance, but yet a sense of pure, fresh air, of clear light, of wholesome thought, of silence and work to be done. If there is any good in me it will rise to the surface with him, and the bad will shrink ashamed away.

Yet how I cling to the last hours here, and I think with a little dread of the life that will begin almost immediately now, though it is the life that I have deliberately chosen and that I know to be best for me. The men who gather round me wonder what my marriage means, and look amused. My women friends laugh and say, "We never thought you, of all

people, would marry that solemn Herbert Fellowes." Aunt Mary came to see me when she heard of my engagement. "My dear Kathleen," she said with a little shudder, "he is a terrible prig; why are you going to inflict him on your whole life?" But I answer all of them with a laugh, "If one's heart goes, one must needs follow it, and the prig has stolen mine," for none shall know how little I care. It would seem like an insult to him to let them think his wife did not love him. I would rather die than do him that humiliating injury. Besides, they would never understand, the lotus-eaters, how good is the calm, cool land, far from the glare and heat and noise, to those who have known the wild fever of sunstroke. I do not mean for one single moment that I am grieving for Mark. Thank God I did not marry him, that our paths are wide apart. All love for him is dead, at least I think and hope so, and a withering scorn gathers when I think of his face and voice as we sat together last and he told me in that determined voice of his coming marriage. I am grateful to him for his falseness. If I had never seen him I might not have married Herbert, and I think life may be a better if less joyous thing ordered as it is. Yet why should I marry at all? We have been a very happy houseful here, all of us together. The little ones are the dearest and brightest of children; we have a kind, careless father whose hair is growing grey, and a sweet mother whom we all worship. Why am I going away? I shall not be happier in the quiet house at Campden Hill, furnished with brand-new furniture, dotted with wedding-gifts, spick and span, with the comfortlessness of things bought yesterday. Herbert and I! How strange it will seem, no merry feet running up and down stairs, no laughing voices, no hurrying to dress and rushing in and out of each other's rooms to compare the effect of our finery. Herbert and I, and nobody else! He and I alone, sedate and well-behaved, at breakfast; he going off to his chambers, rather silent, but politely inquiring my plans for the day before he starts, perhaps politely kissing my cheek with a kiss I have no business to refuse. Herbert and I again in the evening, going out to dine, or facing each other at our own brand-new table, with an air of emptiness and the gleam of the very bright silver pervading the room, always rather silent and sensible and well-behaved, doing things as others do them, and never launching into excitement or foolishness. What excellent books we

shall read, what classical music we shall hear, what well-conducted people we shall know, how methodical and well-regulated our household will be, the same, and forever and ever the same, though grief or joy are our neighbors, though it be our birthdays or burying-days! Evolution and the excavations in Egypt, the influence of politics on the criminal classes, the restoration work in the British Museum, the changes at the universities—how calmly keen I shall be about all these things in three months' time!

But my sister Rose is two-and-twenty, even Isabel is eighteen, it is time to make my spinster bow and, join the matron ranks. Sometimes I wish that Herbert were brighter, merrier, "goier," as my younger brothers call it. There have been men about me who were full of life and fun, and their wives are the merriest of happy married women; if I had married one of them—but no, I was in a grave and restless mood when I accepted Herbert; but I am glad I took him. I have done with over-much laughter, and shall be content enough with the life that knows not excitement that he will give me. Perhaps all this humor of long seriousness may change, and I repent—but no, for if it does change, and the old merry self awakes to find the world a pleasant place for holiday-making once more, then I will rout up my prig too, and he shall make merry also and move quickly. Yes, I will make him do what I please if I do but come to life—my old strange quick self again. A boundless supply of animal spirits carries all before it; who knows but that mine may come back? Meanwhile, the man whose wife I shall be is an honorable gentleman, truthful and faithful, perhaps in his silent heart he is tender too. There will be rest and quiet and safety with him that do not exist anywhere else for me. I wish I were good enough for him, for I always feel that in his quiet soul there is at least the greatness of self-forgetfulness. Dear Herbert, if I am nothing else in the world, I will be truest true to you, and if there is happiness to be found for you at my hands you shall find it. Perhaps in my heart I like you better than I think I do; for sometimes I feel that all this longing after the intellectual life and its amenities is but a form of hunger for human companionship and sympathy, perhaps for love that I may be proud and thankful to know is mine. It may be so with him too—but I must stop. I have done with sentiment, the old letters are burnt, the old life is finished. The

night has past while I sat here and soon the day will dawn — and oh, how cold it is! A long sleep while the light begins, and then once more I shall be strong. Only another day now, I wish it were a century, yet no, — I am content.

From The Nineteenth Century.
"ROBERT ELSMERE" AND THE BATTLE
OF BELIEF.*

BY W. E. GLADSTONE.

HUMAN nature, when aggrieved, is apt and quick in devising compensations. The increasing seriousness and strain of our present life may have had the effect of bringing about the large preference, which I understand to be exhibited in local public libraries, for works of fiction. This is the first expedient of revenge. But it is only a link in a chain. The next step is, that the writers of what might be grave books, *in esse* or *in posse*, have endeavored with some success to circumvent the multitude. Those who have systems or hypotheses to recommend in philosophy, conduct, or religion induct them into the costume of romance. Such was the second expedient of nature, the counterstroke of her revenge. When this was done in "Télémaque," "Rasselas," or "Celebs," it was not without literary effect. Even the last of these three appears to have been successful with its own generation. It would now be deemed intolerably dull. But a dull book is easily renounced. The more didactic fictions of the present day, so far as I know them, are not dull. We take them up, however, and we find that, when we meant to go to play, we have gone to school. The romance is a gospel of some philosophy, or of some religion; and requires sustained thought on many or some of the deepest subjects, as the only rational alternative to placing ourselves at the mercy of our author. We find that he has put upon us what is not indeed a treatise, but more formidable than if it were. For a treatise must nowhere beg the question it seeks to decide, but must carry its reader onwards by reasoning patiently from step to step. But the writer of the romance, under the convenient necessity which his form imposes, skips in thought, over undefined distances, from stage to stage, as a bee from flower to flower. A creed may (as

here) be accepted in a sentence, and then abandoned in a page. But we the common herd of readers, if we are to deal with the consequences, to accept or repel the influence of the book, must, as in a problem of mathematics, supply the missing steps. Thus, in perusing as we ought a propagandist romance, we must terribly increase the pace; and it is the pace that kills.

Among the works to which the preceding remarks might apply, the most remarkable within my knowledge is "Robert Elsmere." It is indeed remarkable in many respects. It is a novel of nearly twice the length, and much more than twice the matter of ordinary novels. It dispenses almost entirely, in the construction of what must still be called its plot, with the aid of incident in the ordinary sense. We have indeed near the close a solitary individual crushed by a wagon, but this catastrophe has no relation to the plot, and its only purpose is to exhibit a good death-bed in illustration of the great missionary idea of the piece. The *nexus* of the structure is to be found wholly in the workings of character. The assumption and the surrender of a rectory are the most salient events, and they are simple results of what the actor has thought right. And yet the great, nay, paramount function of character-drawing, the projection upon the canvas of human beings endowed with the true forces of nature and vitality, does not appear to be by any means the master-gift of the authoress. In the mass of matter which she has prodigally expended there might obviously be retrenchment; for there are certain laws of dimension which apply to a novel, and which separate it from an epic. In the extraordinary number of personages brought upon the stage in one portion or other of the book, there are some which are elaborated with greater pains and more detail, than their relative importance seems to warrant. "Robert Elsmere" is hard reading, and requires toil and effort. Yet, if it be difficult to persist, it is impossible to stop. The prisoner on the treadmill must work severely to perform his task; but if he stops he at once receives a blow which brings him to his senses. Here, as there, it is human infirmity which shrinks; but here, as not there, the propelling motive is within. Deliberate judgment and deep interest alike rebuke a fainting reader. The strength of the book, overbearing every obstacle, seems to lie in an extraordinary wealth of diction, never separated from thought; in a close and searching

* "Robert Elsmere." By Mrs. Humphry Ward, Author of "Miss Bretherton." In 3 vols. London; Smith, Elder & Co., 1888.

faculty of social observation; in generous appreciation of what is morally good, impartially* exhibited in all directions; above all in the sense of mission with which the writer is evidently possessed, and in the earnestness and persistency of purpose with which through every page and line it is pursued. The book is eminently an offspring of the time, and will probably make a deep or at least a very sensible impression; not, however, among mere novel-readers, but among those who share, in whatever sense, the deeper thought of the period.

The action begins in a Westmoreland valley, where the three young daughters of a pious clergyman are grouped around a mother infirm in health and without force of mind. All responsibility devolves accordingly upon Catherine, the eldest of the three; a noble character, living only for duty and affection. When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her.† Here comes upon the scene Robert Elsmere, the eponymist and hero of the book, and the ideal, almost the idol, of the authoress.

He had been brought up at Oxford, in years when the wholesale discomfiture of the great religious movement in the university, which followed upon the secession of Cardinal Newman, had been in its turn succeeded by a new religious reaction. The youth had been open to the personal influences of a tutor, who is in the highest degree beautiful, classical, and indifferent; and of a noble-minded rationalizing teacher, whose name, Mr. Grey, is the thin disguise of another name, and whose lofty character, together with his gifts, and with the tendencies of the time, had made him a power in Oxford. But, in its action on a nature of devout susceptibilities as well as active talents, the place is stronger than the man, and Robert casts in his lot with the ministry of the Church. Let us stop at this point to notice the terms used. At St. Mary's "the sight and the experience touched his inmost feeling, and satisfied all the poetical and dramatic instincts of a passionate nature."‡ He "carried his religious passion . . . into the service of the great positive tradition around him." This great, and commonly life-governing de-

cision, is taken under the influence of forces wholly emotional. It is first after the step taken that we have an inkling of any reason for it.* This is not an isolated phenomenon. It is a key to the entire action. The work may be summed up in this way: it represents a battle between intellect and emotion. Of right, intellect wins; and, having won, enlists emotion in its service.

Elsmere breaks upon us in Westmoreland, prepared to make the great commission the business of his life, and to spend and be spent in it to the uttermost. He is at once attracted by Catherine; attention forthwith ripens into love; and love finds expression in a proposal. But, with a less educated intelligence, the girl has a purpose of life not less determined than the youth. She believes herself to have an outdoor vocation in the glen, and above all an indoor vocation in her family, of which she is the single prop. A long battle of love ensues, fought out with not less ability, and with even greater tenacity, than the remarkable conflict of intellects, carried on by correspondence, which ended in the marriage between Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. The resolute tension of the two minds has many phases; and a double crisis, first of refusal, secondly of acceptance. This part of the narrative, wrought out in detail with singular skill, will probably be deemed the most successful, the most normal of the whole. It is thoroughly noble on both sides. The final surrender of Catherine is in truth an opening of the eyes to a wider view of the evolution of the individual, and of the great vocation of life; and it involves no disparagement. The garrison evacuates the citadel, but its arms have not been laid down, and its colors are flying still.

So the pair settle themselves in a family living, full of the enthusiasm of humanity, which is developed with high energy in every practical detail, and based upon the following of the incarnate Saviour. Equipped thus far with all that renders life desirable, their union is blessed by the birth of a daughter, and everything thrives around them for the formation of an ideal parish.

But the parish is adorned by a noble old English mansion, and the mansion inhabited by a wealthy squire, who knows little of duty, but is devoted to incessant study. As an impersonated intellect, he is abreast of all modern inquiry, and, a Tractarian in his youth, he has long aban-

* Mrs. Ward has given evidence of this impartiality in her dedication to the memory of two friends, of whom one, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, lived and died unshaken in belief. The other is more or less made known in the pages of the work.

† See Job xxix. 11.

‡ i. 121, 123.

* i. 128.

doned all belief. At the outset, he resents profoundly the rector's obtrusive concern for his neglected tenantry. But the courage of the clergyman is not to be damped by isolation, and in the case of a scandalously insanitary hamlet, after an adequate number of deaths, Mr. Wendover puts aside the screen called his agent, and rebuilds with an ample generosity. This sudden and complete surrender seems to be introduced to glorify the hero of the work, for it does not indicate any permanent change in the social ideas of Mr. Wendover, but only in his relations to his clergyman.

There is, however, made ready for him a superlative revenge. Robert has enjoyed the use of his rich library, and the two hold literary communications, but with a compact of silence on matters of belief. This treaty is honorably observed by the squire. But the clergyman invites his fate.* Mr. Wendover makes known to him a great design for a "History of Testimony,"† worked out through many centuries. The book speaks indeed of "the long wrestle" of the two men, and the like.‡ But of Elsmere's wrestling there is no other trace or sign. What weapons the rector wielded for his faith, what strokes he struck, has not even in a single line been recorded. The discourse of the squire points out that theologians are men who decline to examine evidence, that miracles are the invention of credulous ages, that the preconceptions sufficiently explain the results. He wins in a canter. There cannot surely be a more curious contrast than that between the real battle, fought in a hundred rounds, between Elsmere and Catherine on marriage, and the fictitious battle between Elsmere and the squire on the subject of religion, where the one side is a pæan, and the other a blank. A great creed, with the testimony of eighteen centuries at its back, cannot find an articulate word to say in its defence, and the downfall of the scheme of belief shatters also, and of right, the highly ordered scheme of life that had nestled in the rectory of Murewell, as it still does in thousands of other English parsonages.

It is notable that Elsmere seeks, in this conflict with the squire, no aid or counsel whatever. He encounters indeed by chance Mr. Newcome, a Ritualistic clergyman, whom the generous sympathies of the authoress place upon the roll of his friends. But the language of Mr. New-

come offers no help to his understanding. It is this:—

Trample on yourself. Pray down the demon, fast, scourge, kill the body, that the soul may live. What are we miserable worms, that we should defy the Most High, that we should set our wretched faculties against His Omnipotence?*

Mr. Newcome appears everywhere as not only a respectable but a remarkable character. But as to what he says here, how much does it amount to? Considered as a medicine for a mind diseased, for an unsettled, dislocated soul, is it less or more than pure nonsense? In the work of an insidious non-believer, it would be set down as part of his fraud. Mrs. Ward evidently gives it in absolute good faith. It is one in a series of indications, by which this gifted authoress conveys to us what appears to be her thoroughly genuine belief that historical Christianity has, indeed, broad grounds and deep roots in emotion, but in reason none whatever.

The revelation to the wife is terrible; but Catherine clings to her religion on a basis essentially akin to that of Newcome; and the faith of these eighteen centuries, and of the prime countries of the world,

Bella, immortal, benefica
Fede, ai trionfi avvezza,†

is dismissed without a hearing.

For my own part, I humbly retort on Robert Elsmere. Considered intellectually, his proceedings in regard to belief appear to me, from the beginning as well as in the downward process, to present dismal gaps. But the emotional part of his character is complete, nay redundant. There is no moral weakness or hesitation. There rises up before him the noble maxim, assigned to the so-called Mr. Grey (with whom he has a consultation of foregone conclusions), "Conviction is the conscience of the mind."

He renounces his parish and his orders. He still believes in God, and accepts the historical Christ as a wonderful man, good among the good, but a *primus inter pares*. Passing through a variety of stages, he devotes himself to the religion of humanity; reconciles to the new gospel, by shoals, skilled artisans of London who had been totally inaccessible to the old one; and nobly kills himself with overwork, passing away in a final flood of light. He founds and leaves behind him the "New Christian Brotherhood" of El-

* ii. 243.

† ii. 240.

‡ ii. 244, 245.

* ii. 270.

† Manzoni's Cinque Maggio.

good Street; and we are at the close apprised, with enthusiastic sincerity, that this is the true effort of the race,* and

Others I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see.

Who can grudge to this absolutely pure-minded and very distinguished writer the comfort of having at last found the true specific for the evils and miseries of the world? None surely who bear in mind that the Salvation Army has been known to proclaim itself the Church of the future, or who happen to know that Bunsen, when in 1841 he had procured the foundation of the bishopric of Jerusalem, suggested in private correspondence his hope that this might be the Church which would meet the glorified Redeemer at his coming.

It is necessary here to revert to the squire. Himself the *μύρα πέρωμεν*, the supreme arbiter of destinies in the book, he is somewhat unkindly treated; his mind at length gives way, and a darkling veil is drawn over the close. Here seems to be a little literary intolerance, something even savoring of a religious test. Robert Elsmere stopped in the downward slide at theism, and it calms and glorifies his deathbed. But the squire had not stopped there. He had said to Elsmere,† "You are playing into the hands of the Blacks. All this theistic philosophy of yours only means so much grist to their mill in the end." But the great guide is dismissed from his guiding office as summarily as all other processes are conducted, which are required by the purpose of the writer. Art everywhere gives way to purpose. Elsmere no more shows cause for his theism than he had shown it against his Christianity. Why was not Mr. Wendover allowed at least the consolations which gave a satisfaction to David Hume?

Not yet, however, may I wholly part from this sketch of the work. It is so large that much must be omitted. But there is one limb of the plan which is peculiar. Of the two sisters not yet named, one, Agnes by name, appears only as quasi-chaperon or as "dummie." But Rose, the third, has beauty, the gift of a musical artist, and quick and plastic social faculties. Long and elaborate love relations are developed between her and the *poco-curante* tutor and friend, Mr. Langham. Twice she is fairly embarked in passion for him, and twice he jilts her.

Still she is not discouraged, and she finally marries a certain Flaxman, an amiable but somewhat manufactured character. From the standing-point of art, can this portion of the book fail to stir much misgiving? We know from Shakespeare how the loves of two sisters can be comprised within a single play. But while the drama requires only one connected action, the novel, and eminently this novel, aims rather at the exhibition of a life; and the reader of these volumes may be apt to say that in working two such lives as those of Catherine and Rose through so many stages, the authoress has departed from previous example, and has loaded her ship, though a gallant one, with more cargo than it will bear.

It may indeed be that Mrs. Ward has been led to charge her tale with such a weight of matter from a desire to give philosophical completeness to her representation of the main springs of action which mark the life of the period. For in Robert Elsmere we have the tempered but aggressive action of the sceptical intellect; in Catherine the strong reaction against it; in Rose the art-life; and in Langham the literary and cultivated indifference of the time. The comprehensiveness of such a picture may be admitted, without withdrawing the objection that, as a practical result, the cargo is too heavy for the vessel.

Apart from this question, is it possible to pass without a protest the double jilt? Was Rose, with her quick and self-centred life, a well-chosen *corpus vile* upon whom to pass this experiment? More broadly, though credible perhaps for a man, is such a process in any case possible by the laws of art for a woman? Does she not violate the first conditions of her nature in exposing herself to so piercing an insult? An enhancement of delicate self-respect is one among the compensations which Providence has supplied in woman, to make up for a deficiency in some ruder kinds of strength.

Again, I appeal to the laws of art against the final disposal of Catherine. Having much less of ability than her husband, she is really drawn with greater force and truth; and possesses so firm a fibre that when, having been bred in a school of some intolerance, she begins to blunt the edge of her resistance, and to tolerate in divers ways, without adopting, the denuded system of her husband, we begin to feel that the key-note of her character is being tampered with. After his death, the discords become egregious. She re-

* iii. 411; comp. 276.

† iii. 226.

mains, as she supposes, orthodox and tenaciously Evangelical. But every knee must be made to bow to Elsmere. So she does not return to the northern valley and her mother's declining age, but in London devotes her week-days to carrying on the institutions of charity he had founded on behalf of his new religion. He had himself indignantly remonstrated with some supposed clergyman, who, in the guise of a Broad Churchman, at once held Elsmere's creed and discharged externally the office of an Anglican priest. He therefore certainly is not responsible for having taught her to believe the chasm between them was a narrow one. Yet she leaps or steps across it every Sunday, attending her church in the forenoon, and looming as regularly every afternoon in the temple of the New Brotherhood. Here surely the claims of system have marred the work of art. Characters might have been devised whom this seesaw would have suited well enough; but for the Catherine of the first volume it is an unmitigated solecism; a dismal, if not even a degrading compromise.

It has been observed that the women of the book are generally drawn with more felicity than the men. As a work of art, Rose is in my view the most successful of the women, and among the men the squire. With the squire Mrs. Ward is not in sympathy, for he destroys too much, and he does nothing but destroy. She cannot be in sympathy with Rose; for Rose, who is selfishly and heartlessly used, is herself selfish and heartless; with this aggravation, that she has grown up in immediate contact with a noble elder sister, and yet has not caught a particle of nobleness, as well as in view of an infirm mother to whom she scarcely gives a care. On the other hand, in her Robert, who has all Mrs. Ward's affection and almost her worship, and who is clothed with a perfect panoply of high qualities, she appears to be less successful and more artificial. In the recently published correspondence* of Sir Henry Taylor, who was by no means given to paradox, we are told that great earnestness of purpose and strong adhesive sympathies in an author are adverse to the freedom and independence of treatment, the disembarassed movement of the creative hand, which are required in the supreme poetic office of projecting character on the canvas. If there be truth in this novel and interesting suggestion, we cannot wonder at finding the result

exhibited in "Robert Elsmere," for never was a book written with greater persistency and intensity of purpose. Every page of its principal narrative is adapted and addressed by Mrs. Ward to the final aim which is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. This aim is to expel the preternatural element from Christianity, to destroy its dogmatic structure, yet to keep intact the moral and spiritual results. The Brotherhood presented to us with such sanguine hopefulness is a "Christian" brotherhood, but with a Christianity emptied of that which Christians believe to be the soul and springhead of its life. For Christianity, in the established Christian sense, is the presentation to us not of abstract dogmas for acceptance, but of a living and a divine person, to whom they are to be united by a vital incorporation. It is the reunion to God of a nature severed from God by sin, and the process is one, not of teaching lessons, but of imparting a new life, with its ordained equipment of gifts and powers.

It is, I apprehend, a complete mistake to suppose, as appears to be the supposition of this remarkable book, that all which has to be done with Scripture, in order to effect the desired transformation of religion, is to eliminate from it the miraculous element. Tremendous as is the sweeping process which extrudes the resurrection, there is much else, which is in no sense miraculous, to extrude along with it. The procession of palms, for example, is indeed profoundly significant, but it is in no way miraculous. Yet, in any consistent history of a Robert Elsmere's Christ, there could be no procession of palms. Unless it be the healing of the ear of Malchus, there is not a miraculous event between the commencement of the Passion and the crucifixion itself. Yet the notes of a superhuman majesty overspread the whole. We talk of all religions as essentially one; but what religion presents to its votaries such a tale as this? Bishop Temple, in his sermons at Rugby, has been among the later teachers who have shown how the whole behavior of our Lord, in this extremity of his abasement, seems more than ever to transcend all human limits, and to exhibit without arguing his divinity. The parables, again, are not less refractory than the miracles, and must disappear along with them; for what parables are there which are not built upon the idea of his unique and transcendent office? The Gospel of St. John has much less of miracle than the Synoptics; but it must of course descend from its pedestal,

* P. 17.

in all that is most its own. And what is gained by all this condemnation, until we get rid of the baptismal formula? It is a question not of excision from the Gospels, but of tearing them into shreds. Far be it from me to deny that the parts which remain, or which remain legible, are vital parts; but this is no more than to say that there may remain vital organs of a man, after the man himself has been cut in pieces.

I have neither space nor capacity at command for the adequate discussion of the questions which shattered the faith of Robert Elsmere; whether miracles can happen, and whether "an universal pre-conception" in their favor at the birth of Christianity "governing the work of all men of all schools,"* adequately accounts for the place which has been given to them in the New Testament, as available proofs of the divine mission of our Lord. But I demur on all the points to the authority of the squire, and even of Mr. Grey.

The impossibility of miracle is a doctrine which appears to claim for its basis the results of physical inquiry. They point to unbroken sequences in material nature, and refer every phenomenon to its immediate antecedent as adequate to its orderly production. But the appeal to these great achievements of our time is itself disorderly, for it calls upon natural science to decide a question which lies beyond its precinct. There is an extraneous force of will which acts upon matter in derogation of laws purely physical, or alters the balance of those laws among themselves. It can be neither philosophical nor scientific to proclaim the impossibility of miracle, until philosophy or science shall have determined a limit, beyond which this extraneous force of will, so familiar to our experience, cannot act upon or deflect the natural order.

Next, as to that avidity for miracle, which is supposed by the omniscient squire to account for the invention of it. Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that if the gospel had been intended only for the Jews, they at least were open to the imputation of a biassing and blinding appetite for signs and wonders. But scarcely had the Christian scheme been established among the Jews, when it began to take root among the Gentiles. It will hardly be contended that these Gentiles, who detested and despised the Jewish race, had any predisposition to receive a religion at their

hands or upon their authority. Were they then, during the century which succeeded our Lord's birth, so swayed by a devouring thirst for the supernatural as to account for the early reception, and the steady if not rapid growth of the Christian creed among them? The statement of the squire, which carries Robert Elsmere, is that the preconception in favor of miracles at the period "governed the work of all men of all schools."* A most gross and palpable exaggeration. In philosophy the Epicurean school was atheistic, the Stoic school was ambiguously theistic, and doubt nestled in the Academy. Christianity had little direct contact with these schools, but they acted on the tone of thought, in a manner not favorable but adverse to the preconception.

Meantime the power of religion was in decay. The springs of it in the general mind and heart were weakened. A deluge of profligacy had gone far to destroy, at Rome, even the external habit of public worship; and Horace, himself an indifferentist,† denounces the neglect and squalor of the temples; while further on we have the stern and emphatic testimony of Juvenal:—

Esse aliquid Manes, et subterranea regna,
Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur.‡

The age was not an age of faith, among thinking and ruling classes, either in natural or in supernatural religion. There had been indeed a wonderful "evangelical preparation" in the sway of the Greek language, in the unifying power of the Roman State and Empire, and in the utter moral failure of the grand and dominant civilizations; but not in any virgin soil, yearning for the sun, the rain, or the seed of truth.

But the squire, treading in the foot-prints of Gibbon's fifteenth chapter, leaves it to be understood that, in the appeal to the supernatural, the new religion enjoyed an exclusive as well as an overpowering advantage; that it had a patent for miracle, which none could infringe. Surely this is an error even more gross than the statement already cited about all men of all schools. The supernatural was interwoven with the entire fabric of the religion of the Roman State, which, if weak and effete as a religious discipline, was of extraordinary power as a social institu-

* ii. 247.

† Hor., Od. i. 34; iii. 6.

‡ Sat. ii. 150.

* ii. 246, 247.

tion. It stood, if not on faith yet on nationality, on tradition, on rich endowments, on the deeply interested attachment of a powerful aristocracy, and on that policy of wide conciliation, which gave to so many creeds, less exclusive than the Christian, a cause common with its own.

Looking for a comprehensive description of miracles, we might say that they constitute a language of heaven embodied in material signs, by which communication is established between the Deity and man, outside the daily course of nature and experience. Distinctions may be taken between one kind of miracle and another. But none of these are distinctions in principle. Sometimes they are alleged to be the offspring of a divine power committed to the hands of particular men; sometimes they are simple manifestations unconnected with human agency, and carrying with them their own meaning, such as the healings in Bethesda; sometimes they are a system of events and of phenomena subject to authoritative and privileged interpretation. Miracle, portent, prodigy, and sign are all various forms of one and the same thing, namely an invasion of the known and common natural order from the side of the supernatural. In the last-named case, there is an expression of the authorized human judgment upon it, while in the earlier ones there is only a special appeal to it. They rest upon one and the same basis. We may assign to miracle a body and a soul. It has for its body something accepted as being either in itself or in its incidents outside the known processes of ordinary nature, and for its soul the alleged message which in one shape or another it helps to convey from the Deity to man. This supernatural element, as such, was at least as familiar to the Roman heathenism, as to the Christian scheme. It was indeed more highly organized. It was embodied in the regular and normal practice of the ministers of religion, and especially, under the jurisdiction of the pontifical college, it was the regular and standing business of the augurs to observe, report, and interpret the supernatural signs, by which the gods gave reputed instructions to men outside the course of nature. Sometimes it was by strange atmospheric phenomena; sometimes by physical prodigies, as when a woman produced a snake,* or a calf was born with its head in its thigh,† where-

upon, says Tacitus, *secuta haruspicum interpretatio*; sometimes through events only preternatural from the want of assignable cause, as when the statue of Julius Cæsar, on an island in the Tiber, turned itself round from west to east.* Sometimes with an approximation to the Christian signs and wonders, as when Vespasian removed with spittle the *tabes oculorum*, and restored the impotent hand.† It does not readily appear why in principle the Romans, who had the supernatural for their daily food in a shape sustained by the unbroken tradition of their country, should be violently attracted by the mere exhibition of it from a despised source, and in a manner less formal, less organized, and less known. In one important way we know the accepted supernatural of the Romans operated with direct and telling power against the gospel. *Si cælum stetit, si terra movit, Christianos ad leones*. Or, in the unsuspected language of Tacitus, *dum latius metuitur, trepidatione vulgi, invalidus quisque obtriti*. When the portents were unfavorable, and there was fear of their extension, the weak had to suffer from the popular alarms.‡

The upshot of the matter then appears to be something like this.

The lowly and despised preachers of Christian portent were confronted everywhere by the highborn and accomplished caste sworn to the service of the gods, familiar from centuries of tradition with the supernatural, and supported at every point with the whole force and influence of civil authority. Nor has there ever probably been a case of a contest so unequal, as far as the powers of this world are concerned. Tainted in its origin by its connection with the detested Judaism, odious to the prevailing tone by its exclusiveness, it rested originally upon the testimony of men few, poor, and ignorant, and for a length of time no human genius was enlisted in its service, with the single exception of Saint Paul. All that we of this nineteenth century know, and know so well, under the name of vested interests, is insignificant compared with the embattled fortress that these humble Christians had to storm. And the squire, if he is to win the day with minds less ripe for conversion than Robert Elsmere, must produce some other suit of weapons from his armory.

With him I now part company, as his

* Tac., Ann. xiv. 12.

† Ibid. xv. 47.

* Tac., Hist. i. 86.

† Ibid. iv. 81.

‡ Tac., Ann. xii. 43.

thoroughgoing negation parts company with the hybrid scheme of Mrs. Ward. It is of that scheme that I now desire to take a view immediately practical.

In a concise but striking notice in the *Times* it is placed in the category of "clever attacks upon revealed religion." It certainly offers us a substitute for revealed religion; and possibly the thought of the book might be indicated in these words: "The Christianity accepted in England is a good thing; but come with me, and I will show you a better."

It may, I think, be fairly described as a devout attempt, made in good faith, to simplify the difficult mission of religion in the world by discarding the supposed lumber of the Christian theology, while retaining and applying, in their undiminished breadth of scope, the whole personal, social, and spiritual morality which has now, as matter of fact, entered into the patrimony of Christendom; and, since Christendom is the dominant power of the world, into the patrimony of the race. It is impossible indeed to conceive a more religious life than the later life of Robert Elsmere, in his sense of the word religion. And that sense is far above the sense in which religion is held, or practically applied, by great multitudes of Christians. It is, however, a new form of religion. The question is, can it be actually and beneficially substituted for the old one. It abolishes of course the whole authority of Scripture. It abolishes also Church, priesthood or ministry, sacraments, and the whole established machinery which trains the Christian as a member of a religious society. These have been regarded by fifty generations of men as wings of the soul. It is still required by Mrs. Ward to fly, and to fly as high as ever; but it is to fly without wings. For baptism, we have a badge of silver, and inscription in a book.* For the eucharist there is at an ordinary meal a recital of the fragment, "This do in remembrance of Me." The children respond, "Jesus, we remember thee always." It is hard to say that prayer is retained. In the Elgood Street service "it is rather an act of adoration and faith, than a prayer properly so called,"† and it appears that memory and trust are the instruments on which the individual is to depend, for maintaining his communion with God. It would be curious to know how the New Brotherhood is to deal with the great mystery of mar-

riage, perhaps the truest touchstone of religious revolution.

It must be obvious to every reader that in the great duel between the old faith and the new, as it is fought in "Robert Elsmere," there is a great inequality in the distribution of the arms. Reasoning is the weapon of the new scheme; emotion the sole resource of the old. Neither Catherine nor Newcome have a word to say beyond the expression of feeling; and it is when he has adopted the negative side that the hero himself is fully introduced to the faculty of argument. This is a singular arrangement, especially in the case of a writer who takes a generous view of the Christianity that she only desires to supplant by an improved device. The explanation may be simple. There are abundant signs in the book that the negative speculatists have been consulted if not ransacked; but there is nowhere a sign that the authoress has made herself acquainted with the Christian apologists, old or recent; or has weighed the evidences derivable from the Christian history; or has taken measure of the relation in which the doctrines of grace have historically stood to the production of the noblest, purest, and greatest characters of the Christian ages. If such be the case, she has skipped lightly (to put it no higher) over vast mental spaces of literature and learning relevant to the case, and has given sentence in the cause without hearing the evidence.

It might perhaps be not unjust to make a retort upon the authoress, and say that while she believes herself simply to be yielding obedience to reason, her movement is in reality impelled by bias. We have been born into an age when, in the circles of literature and science, there is a strong antidogmatic leaning, a prejudice which may largely intercept the action of judgment; partly because belief has its superstitions, and the detection of these superstitions opens the fabric to attack, like a breach in the wall of a fortress when at a given point it has been stuffed with unsound material; partly because the rapidity of the movement of the time predisposes the mind to novelty; partly because the multiplication of enjoyments, through the progress of commerce and invention, enhances the materialism of life, strengthens by the forces of habit the hold of the seen world upon us, and leaves less both of brain power and of heart power available for the unseen. Enormous accretion of wealth is no more deprived of its sting now, than it was when Saint Paul

* iii. 358.

† iii. 360.

penned his profoundly penetrating admonition to Timothy.* And when, under the present conditions, it happens that the environment of personal association represents either concentrated hostility or hopeless diversity in religion, there may be hardly a chance for firm and measured belief. What we find to be troublesome, yet from some inward protest are not prepared wholly to reject, we like to simplify and reduce; and the instances of good and devoted men who are averse to dogma, more frequent than usual in this age, are powerful to persuade us that in lightening the cargo we are really securing the safe voyage of the ship. "About dogma we hear dispute, but the laws of high social morality no speculation is disposed to question. Why not get rid of the disputable, and concentrate all our strength on grasping the undisputed?" We may by a little wrestling quote high authority for this recommendation. "Whereto we have already attained . . . let us mind the same thing. . . . And if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you."† It is not difficult to conceive how, under the action of causes with which the time abounds, pure and lofty minds, wholly guiltless of the intention to impair or lower the motive forces of Christianity, may be led into the snare, and may even conceive a process in itself destructive to be, on the contrary, conservative and reparatory.

But it is a snare none the less. And first let us recollect, when we speak of renouncing Christian dogma, what it is that we mean. The germ of it as a system lies in the formula, "Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."‡ This was speedily developed into the substance of the Apostles' Creed; the creed which forms our confession of individual faith, in baptism and on the bed of death. Now belief in God, which forms (so to speak) the first great limb of the creed, is strictly a dogma, and is on no account, according to Mrs. Ward, to be surrendered. But the second and greatest portion of the creed contains twelve propositions, of which nine are matters of fact, and the whole twelve have for their office the setting forth to us of a personage to whom a great dispensation has been committed. The third division of the creed is more dogmatic, but it is bound down like the second to earth and fact by the article of

the Church, a visible and palpable institution. The principal, purely dogmatic part of this great document is the part which is to be retained. And we, who accept the Christian story, are entitled to say, that to extrude from a history, tied to strictly human facts, that by which they become a standing channel of organic connection between Deity and humanity, is not presumptively a very hopeful mode of strengthening our belief in God, thus deprived of its props and accessories. The chasm between Deity and the human soul, over which the scheme of redemption has thrown a bridge, again yawns beneath our feet, in all its breadth and depth.

Although the divinity of Christ is not put prominently forward in this book, but rather the broader objection to supernatural manifestations, yet it will be found to be the real hinge of the entire question. For, if Christ be truly God, few will deny that the exceptional incidents which follow in the train of his appearance upon earth raise, in substance, no new difficulty. Is it true, then, that Christians have been so divided on this subject as to promise us a return of peace and progress by its elimination?

To answer this question rightly, we must not take the humor of this or that particular time or country, but must regard the Christian system in its whole extension, and its whole duration. So regarding it, we shall find that the assertion, far from being true, is glaringly untrue. The truth in rude outline is surely this. That when the Gospel went out into the world, the greatest of all the groups of controversies which progressively arose within its borders was that which concerned the true nature of the object of worship. That these controversies ran through the most important shapes which have been known to the professing Church of later years, and through many more. That they rose, especially in the fourth century, to such a height, amidst the conflict of councils, popes, and theologians, that the private Christian was too often like the dove wandering over the waters, and seeking in vain a resting-place for the sole of his foot. That the whole mind and heart of the Church were given, in their whole strength and through a lengthened period, to find some solution of these controversies. That many generations passed before Arianism wholly ceased to be the basis of Christian profession in spots or sections of Christendom, but not so long

* 1 Tim. iv. 9.

† Phil. iii. 15, 16.

‡ St. Matt. xxviii. 19.

before the central thought of the body as a whole had come to be fixed in the form of what has ever since, and now for over fourteen hundred years, been known as the orthodox belief. The authority of this tradition, based upon the Scriptures, has through all that period been upheld at the highest point to which a marvellous continuity and universality could raise it. It was not impeached by the questioning mind of the thirteenth century. The scientific revolution, which opened to us the antipodes and the solar system, did not shake it. The more subtle dangers of the Renaissance were dangers to Christianity as a whole, but not to this great element of Christianity as a part. And when the terrible struggles of the Reformation stirred every coarse human passion as well as every fond religious interest into fury, even then the Nicene belief, as Möhler in his "Symbolik" has so well observed, sat undisturbed in a region elevated above the controversies of the time; which only touched it at points so exceptional, and comparatively so obscure, as not appreciably to qualify its majestic authority. A Christianity without Christ is no Christianity; and a Christ not divine is one other than the Christ on whom the souls of Christians have habitually fed. What virtue, what piety, have existed outside of Christianity, is a question totally distinct. But to hold that, since the great controversy of the early time was wound up at Chalcedon, the question of our Lord's divinity (which draws after it all that Robert Elsmere would excise) has generated the storms of the Christian atmosphere, would be simply an historical untruth. How then is the work of peace to be promoted by the excision from our creed of that central truth on which we are generally agreed?

The onward movement of negation in the present day has presented perhaps no more instructive feature than this, that the Unitarian persuasion has, in this country at least, by no means thriven upon it. It might have been thought that, in the process of dilapidation, here would have been a point at which the receding tide of belief would have rested at any rate for a while. But instead of this, we are informed that the numbers of professed Unitarians have increased less than those of other communions, and less than the natural growth of the population. And we find Mrs. Ward herself describing the old Unitarian scheme* as one wholly des-

titute of logic; but in what respect she improves upon it I have not yet perceived.

In order to invest any particular propaganda with a show of presumptive title to our acceptance, its author should be able to refer it to some standard of appeal which will show that it has foundations otherwise than in mere private judgment or active imagination. The books of the New Testament I understand to be, for Mrs. Ward, of no value except for the moral precepts they contain. Still less may we invoke the authority of the Old Testament, where the ethical picture is more chequered. She finds no spell in the great moral miracle (so to phrase it) of the Psalms; nor in the marvellous *pro-paideia* of the Jewish history, so strikingly confirmed by recent research; in the Levitical law, the prophetic teaching, the entire dispensation of temporal promise and of religious worship and instruction, by which the Hebrew race was kept in social isolation through fifteen centuries, as a cradle for the Redeemer that was to come. She is not awakened by the Christian more than by the Jewish history. No way to her assent is opened by the great victory of the world's babes and striplings over its philosophers and scholars, and the serried array of emperors, aristocracies, and statesmen, with their elaborate apparatus of organized institutions. All this cogent mass of human testimony is rendered, I admit, on behalf not of a vague and arbitrary severance of Christian morals from the roots which have produced them, but of what we term the Christian dogma, that is to say, of belief in God supplemented and brought home by the great fact of redemption, and of the provision made through the Church of Christ for the perpetual conservation and application of its living powers.

And it must be observed that, in adducing this evidence from consent, I make no assumption and beg no question as between reformed and unreformed Christianity. By any such preferential treatment of a part, I should weaken the authority and betray the sacred cause of the whole. All that can be said or shown of the corruptions that have gathered round the central scheme, of the failure rightly to divide the word of truth, of the sin and shame that in a hundred forms have belied its profession, affords only new proof of the imperishable vitality that has borne so much disease, of the buoyancy of the ark on whose hull has grown so much of excrescence without arresting its course through the waters. And again,

* iii. 55.

the concord of Christians ever since the great adjudication of the fifth century on the central truth has acquired an addition of weight almost incalculable, from the fact that they have differed so sharply upon many of the propositions that are grouped around it.

Without doubt human testimony is to be duly and strictly sifted, and every defect in its quantity or quality is to be recorded in the shape of a deduction from its weight. But as there is no proceeding more irreverent, so there is none more strictly irrational, than its wholesale depreciation. Such depreciation is an infallible note of shallow and careless thinking, for it very generally implies an exaggerated and almost ludicrous estimate of the capacity and performances of the present generation, as compared with those which have preceded it. Judges in our own cause, pleaders with nobody to reply, we take ample note of every comparative advantage we possess, but forget to register deteriorating and disqualifying influences. Not less commonly is our offence avenged by our own inconsistency. The solemn voice of the ages, the *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, amounts simply to zero for Robert Elsmere. Yet he can absolutely surrender to his own selected pope the guidance of his understanding; and when he asks himself, at the funeral in the third volume, whether the more modest, that is the emasculated, form of human hope in the presence of the Eternal, may not be "as real, as sustaining," as the old one, his reply to this great question is: "Let Grey's trust answer for me."*

This great buttress of the old religion, whatever its value, is then withdrawn from the new one, which starts like

a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean,

accredited by a successful venture among the London artisans, who differ (so we are told) not only from the classes above and beneath them in the metropolis, as to their disposition to accept the Christian doctrines, but from their own brethren in the north.† It is not, therefore, on testimony that the Elsmere gospel takes its stand. Does it, then, stand upon philosophy, upon inherent beauty and fitness, as compared with the scheme which it dismembers and then professes to replace? Again, be it borne in mind that the essence of the proposal is to banish the supernatural

idea and character of our Lord, but to imitate and assimilate his moral teachings.

From my antiquated point of view, this is simply to bark the tree, and then, as the death which ensues is not immediate, to point out with satisfaction on the instant that it still waves living branches in the wind. We have before us a huge larcenous appropriation, by the modern schemes, of goods which do not belong to them. They carry peacocks' feathers, which adorn them for a time, and which they cannot reproduce. Let us endeavor to learn whether these broad assumptions, which flow out of the historic testimony of the Christian ages, are also prompted and sustained by the reason of the case.

It is sometimes possible to trace peculiar and marked types of human character with considerable precision to their causes. Take, for instance, the Spartan type of character, in its relation to the legislation attributed to Lycurgus. Or take, again, the Jewish type, such as it is presented to us both by the ancient and the later history, in its relation to the Mosaic law and institutions. It would surely have been a violent paradox, in either of these cases, to propose the abolition of the law, and to assert at the same time that the character would continue to be exhibited, not only sporadically and for a time, but normally and in permanence.

These were restricted, almost tribal, systems. Christianity, though by no means less peculiar, was diffusive. It both produced a type of character wholly new to the Roman world, and it fundamentally altered the laws and institutions, the tone, temper, and tradition of that world. For example, it changed profoundly the relation of the poor to the rich, and the almost forgotten obligations of the rich to the poor. It abolished slavery, abolished human sacrifice, abolished gladiatorial shows, and a multitude of other horrors. It restored the position of woman in society. It proscribed polygamy; and put down divorce, absolutely in the West, though not absolutely in the East. It made peace, instead of war, the normal and presumed relation between human societies. It exhibited life as a discipline everywhere and in all its parts, and changed essentially the place and function of suffering in human experience. Accepting the ancient morality as far as it went, it not only enlarged but transfigured its teaching, by the laws of humility and forgiveness, and by a law of purity perhaps even more new and strange than these. Let it be understood that I speak

* iii. 284.

† iii. 159.

throughout not of such older religion as may have subsisted in the lowly and unobserved places of human life, but of what stamped the character of its strongholds; of the elements which made up the main and central currents of thought, action, and influence, in those places, and in those classes, which drew the rest of the world in their train. All this was not the work of a day, but it was the work of powers and principles which persistently asserted themselves in despite of controversy, of infirmity, and of corruption in every form; which reconstituted in life and vigor a society found in decadence; which by degrees came to pervade the very air we breathe; and which eventually have beyond all dispute made Christendom the dominant portion, and Christianity the ruling power, of the world. And all this has been done, not by eclectic and arbitrary fancies, but by the creed of the Homœounion, in which the philosophy of modern times sometimes appears to find a favorite theme of ridicule. But it is not less material to observe that the whole fabric, social as well as personal, rests on the new type of individual character which the gospel brought into life and action; enriched and completed without doubt from collateral sources which made part of the "evangelical preparation," but in its central essence due entirely to the dispensation which had been founded and wrought out in the land of Judea, and in the history of the Hebrew race. What right have we to detach, or to suppose we can detach, this type of personal character from the causes out of which as matter of history it has grown, and to assume that without its roots it will thrive as well as with them?

For Mrs. Ward is so firmly convinced, and so affectionately sensible, of the exquisite excellence of the Christian type that she will permit no abatement from it, though she thinks it can be cast in a mould which is human as well as, nay, better than, in one which is divine. Nor is she the first person who, in renouncing the Christian tradition, has reserved her allegiance to Christian morals and even sought to raise their standard. We have, for instance, in America, not a person only, but a society, which, while trampling on the divinity and incarnation of Christ, not only accepts his rule of life, but pushes evangelical counsels into absolute precepts, and insists upon them as the rule of life for all who seek, instead of abiding in the "lower-floor churches," to be Christians indeed. "The fundamental prin-

ciples of Shakerism" are "virgin purity, non-resistance, peace, equality of inheritance, and unspottedness from the world."* The evidence of travellers appears to show that the ideal of these projectors has to a certain degree been realized; nor can we know for how many years an eccentric movement of this kind will endure the test of time without palpably giving way. The power of environment, and the range of idiosyncrasy, suffice to generate, especially in dislocating times, all sorts of abnormal combinations, which subsist, in a large degree, upon forces not their own, and so impose themselves, with a show of authority, upon the world.

Let us return to the point. The Christian type is the product and the property of the Christian scheme. No, says the objector, the improvements which we witness are the offspring of civilization. It might be a sufficient answer to point out that the civilization before and around us is a Christian civilization. What civilization could do without Christianity for the greatest races of mankind, we know already. Philosophy and art, creative genius and practical energy, had their turn before the Advent; and we can register the results. I do not say that the great Greek and Roman ages lost — perhaps even they improved — the ethics of *meum* and *tuum*, in the interests of the leisured and favored classes of society, as compared with what those ethics had been in archaic times. But they lost the hold which some earlier races within their sphere had had of the future life. They degraded, and that immeasurably, the position of woman. They effaced from the world the law of purity. They even carried indulgence to a worse than bestial type; and they gloried in the achievement.† Duty and religion, in the governing classes and the governing places, were absolutely torn asunder; and self-will and self-worship were established as the unquestioned rule of life. It is yet more important to observe that the very qualities which are commended in the beatitudes, and elsewhere in the Sermon on the Mount, and which form the base of the character specifically Christian, were for the Greek and the Roman mind the objects of contempt. From the history of all that has lain within the reach of the great Mediterranean basin, not a tittle of encouragement can be drawn for the ideas

* The quotation is from a preface to "Shaker Sermons," by H. L. Eads, Bishop of South Union, Kentucky. Fourth edition, 1887.

† See for instance the *Epœtes* of Lucian.

of those who would surrender the doctrines of Christianity and yet retain its moral and spiritual fruits.

Does then that severance, unsustained by authority or by experience, commend itself at any single point by an improved conformity with purely abstract principles of philosophy? and is the new system better adapted to the condition and the needs of human nature than the old? Does it better correspond with what an enlightened reason would dictate as the best provision for those needs? Does it mitigate, or does it enhance, the undoubted difficulties of belief? And if the answer must be given in the negative to both these inquiries, how are we to account for the strange phenomenon which exhibits to us persons sincerely, nay painfully, desirous of seeing divine government more and more accepted in the world, yet enthusiastically busied in cutting away the best among the props by which that government has been heretofore sustained?

As regards the first of these three questions, it is to be observed that, while the older religions made free use of prodigy and portent, they employed these instruments for political rather than moral purposes; and it may be doubted whether the sum total of such action tended to raise the standard of life and thought. The general upshot was that the individual soul felt itself very far from God. Our bedimmed eye could not perceive his purity; and our puny reach could not find touch of his vastness. By the scheme of redemption, this sense of distance was removed. The divine perfections were reflected through the medium of a perfect humanity, and were thus made near, familiar, and liable to love. The great all-pervading law of human sympathy became directly available for religion, and in linking us to the divine humanity, linked us by the same act to God. And this not for rare and exceptional souls alone, but for the common order of mankind. The direct contact, the interior personal communion of the individual with God was re-established; for human faculties, in their normal action, could now appreciate and approach to, what had previously been inappreciable and unapproachable. Surely the system I have thus rudely exhibited was ideally a great philosophy, as well as practically an immeasurable boon. To strike out the redemptive clauses from the scheme is to erase the very feature by which it essentially differed from all other schemes; and to substitute a didactic exhibition of superior morality, with

the rays of an example in the preterite tense, set by a dead man in Judea, for that scheme of living forces by which the powers of a living Saviour's humanity are daily and hourly given to man, under a charter which expires only with the world itself. Is it possible here to discern, either from an ideal or from a practical point of view, anything but depletion and impoverishment, and the substitution of a spectral for a living form?

If we proceed to the second question, the spectacle, as it presents itself to me, is stranger still. Although we know that James Mill, arrested by the strong hand of Bishop Butler, halted rather than rested for a while in theism on his progress towards general negation, yet his case does not supply, nor can we draw from other sources, any reason to regard such a position as one which can be largely and permanently held against that relentless force of logic which is ever silently at work to assert and to avenge itself. The theist is confronted, with no breakwater between, by the awful problem of moral evil, by the mystery of pain, by the apparent anomalies of waste and of caprice on the face of creation; and not least of all by the fact that, while the moral government of the world is founded on the free agency of man, there are in multitudes of cases environing circumstances independent of his will which seem to deprive that agency, called free, of any operative power adequate to contend against them. In this bewildered state of things, in this great enigma of the world, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? . . . Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?"* There has come upon the scene the figure of a Redeemer, human and divine. Let it be granted that the incarnation is a marvel wholly beyond our reach, and that the miracle of the resurrection to-day gives serious trouble to fastidious intellects. But the difficulties of a baffled understanding, lying everywhere around us in daily experience, are to be expected from its limitations; not so the shocks encountered by the moral sense. Even if the Christian scheme slightly lengthened the immeasurable catalogue of the first, this is dust in the balance compared with the relief it furnishes to the second; in supplying the most powerful remedial agency ever known, in teaching how pain may be made a helper, and evil transmuted into

* Isa. lxiii. 1, 2.

good; and in opening clearly the vision of another world, in which we are taught to look for yet larger counsels of the Almighty wisdom. To take away, then, the agency so beneficent, which has so softened and reduced the moral problems that lie thickly spread around us, and to leave us face to face with them in all their original rigor, is to enhance and not to mitigate the difficulties of belief.

Lastly, it is not difficult to understand why those who prefer the pagan ideal, or who cannot lay hold on the future world, or who labor under still greater disadvantages, should put aside as a whole the gospel of God manifest in the flesh. But Mrs. Ward is none of these; and it is far harder to comprehend the mental attitude, or the mental consistency at least, of those who like her desire to retain what was manifested, but to thrust aside the manifesting person, and all that his living personality entails; or, if I may borrow an Aristotelian figure, to keep the accidents and discard the substance. I cannot pretend to offer a solution of this hard riddle. But there is one feature which almost uniformly marks writers whose mind as in this case is of a religious tone, or who do not absolutely exclude religion, while they reject the Christian dogma and the authority of Scripture. They appear to have a very low estimate both of the quantity and the quality of sin; of its amount, spread like a deluge over the world, and of the subtlety, intensity, and virulence of its nature. I mean a low estimate as compared with the mournful denunciations of the sacred writings, or with the language especially of the later Christian confessions. Now let it be granted that, in interpreting those confessions, we do not sufficiently allow for the enormous differences among human beings — differences both of original disposition and of ripened character. We do not sufficiently take account of the fact that, while disturbance and degradation have so heavily effected the mass, there are a happy few on whom nature's degeneracy has but lightly laid its hand. In the biography of the late Dr. Marsh we have an illustration apt for my purpose. His family was straitly Evangelical. He underwent what he deemed to be conversion. A like-minded friend congratulated his mother on the work of divine grace in her son. But, in the concrete, she mildly resented the remark, and replied that in truth "divine grace would find very little to do in her son William."

In the novel of "The Unclassed" by

the author of "Thyrza," which, like "Robert Elsmere," is of the didactic and speculative class, the leading man-character, when detailing his mental history, says that "sin" has never been for him a word of weighty import. So ingenuous a confession is not common. I remember but one exception to the rule that the negative writers of our own day have formed, or at least have exhibited, a very feeble estimate of the enormous weight of sin, as a factor in the condition of man and of the world. That exception is Amiel. Mrs. Ward has prefixed to her translation of his remarkable and touching work an introduction, from which I make the following extract:—

His Calvinistic training lingers long in him; and what detaches him from the Hegelian school, with which he has much in common, is his own stronger sense of personal need, his preoccupation with the idea of sin. He speaks (says M. Renan contemptuously) of sin, of salvation, of redemption, and conversion, as if these things were realities. He asks me, "What does M. Renan make of sin?" "Eh bien, je crois que je le supprime."

The closing expression is a happy one; sin is for the most part suppressed.

We are bound to believe, and I for one do believe, that in many cases the reason why the doctrines of grace, so profoundly embedded in the gospel, are dispensed with by the negative writers of the day, is in many cases because they have not fully had to feel the need of them; because they have not travelled with Saint Paul through the dark valley of agonizing conflict, or with Dante along the circles downward and the hill upward; because, having to bear a smaller share than others of the common curse and burden, they stagger and falter less beneath its weight.

But ought they not to know that they are physicians, who have not learned the principal peril of the patient's case, and whose prescription accordingly omits the main requisite for a cure. For surely in this matter there should be no mistake. As the entire Levitical institutions seem to have been constructed to impress upon the Hebrew mind a deep and definite idea of sin, we find in the New Testament that that portion of our Lord's work was, so to speak, ready-made. But he placed it at the foundation of his great design for the future. "When the Comforter is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."* Mrs. Ward seeks, and even with enthusiasm, to

* John xvi. 8.

"make for righteousness;" but the three terms compose an organic whole, and if a part be torn away the residue will bleed to death. For the present, however, we have only to rest in the real, though but partial, consolation that, if the ancient and continuous creed of Christendom has slipped away from its place in Mrs. Ward's brilliant and subtle understanding, it has nevertheless by no means lost a true, if unacknowledged, hold upon the inner sanctuary of her heart.

We had considered this article too theological for our columns, but give it in compliance with requests from many quarters.—
L. A.

From Temple Bar.

A GREAT YORKSHIRE VICAR.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

STEPHENS's life of Dr. Hook * is one of the best biographies I know. The great Yorkshire vicar lives in its pages, talks with you in its conversations, and takes you into his confidence in its letters. In reading it, you feel him to be more than a mere acquaintance; but once to have met with him was a life-long memory. And yet his appearance, striking as it was, was not prepossessing. "The boy Walter Farquhar Hook," says an old acquaintance, "might almost have been described as one of those on whom nature is said by the poet to have tried her 'prentice hand. True, she bestowed on him a strong constitution and an enormous chest, with a voice of wonderful power and endurance, but flexible and sweet withal—a most important endowment for the future preacher. But of the gifts which charm the eye and find a ready way to the heart, she had been somewhat niggardly."

When I first saw him he was in the prime of life, although his hair was turning grey; he was inclining to be stout, and promised to be stouter. When I last saw him his hair and whiskers were snowy white, and his features more decidedly marked.

He was, indeed, very fond of commenting on what he called "his ugliness," and after seeing the frontispiece to the life, one can appreciate a story he used to tell of himself, how one day he noticed a little girl looking very earnestly up in his face.

* Life and Letters of Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. By his son-in-law, W. R. W. Stephens.

"Well, my dear, I don't think you've seen me before."

"Oh, yes, I have."

"Why, where?"

"I saw you the other day climbing up a pole, and I gave you a bun."

Another little girl was told to go and kiss Dr. Hook. She hesitated, shrugged her shoulders, and exclaimed, "Tell mamma to go and kiss him first."

His biographer more than once compares him with Dr. Johnson. "In his massive frame, and in some respects in his features, especially in the low but bossy forehead, he resembled Samuel Johnson, and there were some other points of likeness between them; such as occasional twitchings and contortions of the face, fits of depression, a choleric temper, a constitutional dread of dying, and an antipathy to foreigners." Of this last characteristic there are some amusing examples in his letters. "I am too much of a John Bull to take any interest in mon-sieurs and madames and mademoiselles, I suppose the heroine is a French woman" (he had been asked to read a French novel), "and how could I take any interest in the adventures of a woman born and bred in that country where Buonaparte tyrannized, and that atheistical villain Voltaire spat his dirty venom at Shakespeare?" Certainly this was worthy of Sam Johnson; but Hook was only twenty-four at the time the letter was written, within seven years of the Battle of Waterloo. Even when I was a lad English boys had not outlived the belief that one Englishman was a match for five Frenchmen. The national dislike was shared alike by those who abhorred Popery, and by those who feared the Encyclopædists. Moreover the ignorance of each other's characteristics in which two nations divided only by a narrow slip of sea habitually lived, and the way they caricatured each other, may be seen in the prints of the day. And such absurdities are still reproduced in remote places. On a rural stage a Frenchman looks like a dancing-master, an Englishman like Mr. Punch's John Bull.

Seven years later Hook's antipathies had not softened down. "I am heartily sick," he says, "of Paris." (It was during his honeymoon.) "I hate France, and think Frenchmen the most detestable of human beings. In three weeks I hope to be in dear old England, and never shall I wish again to leave its shores." It is well Hook did not write "A Sentimental Journey." He was just as emphatic in his Toryism, though in the course of time his

intercourse with the working classes led him to modify his opinions — prejudices, one might call them.

His intense honesty could never be doubted, nor his willingness to follow his convictions. Thus, after he became Dean of Chichester he wrote to Bishop Wilberforce : —

I was to my misfortune born and bred a Tory. When I devoted myself to the manufacturing districts, my sympathies being easily excited, I became heart and soul a Radical. But I have been timid in declaring myself, not liking to offend old friends. Had I been a public character [what was he else?] I should have swum down the stream from Toryism to Radicalism in a style easily understood by a good fat swimmer, who seems scarcely to disturb the water. They might have pelted me from the shore, but I would have swum calmly on, and I should have shown how my principles of philanthropy were not changed but developed.

I first heard him in the parish church of Hull, my native town. It was in the midst of the hurly-burly raised about his sermon before the queen. It had run through twenty-eight editions, of which about one hundred thousand copies were sold. It was exposed for sale in the local shop windows, and people made a fuss about it that astonished no one more than Hook himself. Everybody was talking about it, and the most ridiculous stories — stories in every sense of the word — were being told; one was that he had been sent for into the presence, and rebuked by the young queen with a sharpness more characteristic of Elizabeth Tudor than of Queen Victoria. These reports, however, must have been pretty widely spread, for Samuel Wilberforce writes in his journal, "Heard that the queen was very angry at it;" and he wrote to Hook himself, "Is there any truth in the newspaper statements that you are no more to offend the ears of royalty with such plain reasoning? I suppose that it is quite impossible that this should be so." Shrewd old Henry of Exeter (Phillpotts) wrote that he had at first heard "that her Majesty had been displeased with the sermon, but he had since heard from a quarter which could hardly be misinformed that this was not the case."

In his "Reminiscences of Oriel," the Rev. T. Mozley says : —

The queen is said to have been much pleased with the sermon. She might well be, for everybody listened to Hook with admiration and even with pleasure, whether agreeing with him or not. The queen's advisers were not pleased.

But perhaps the most ingenious quotation *à propos* of the supposed feeling at court was the following, sent to Hook by a friend : —

O thou Seer, go flee thee away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread and prophesy there; but prophesy not again any more at Beth-el, for it is the king's chapel, and it is the king's court. (Amos vii. 12, 13.)

Dean Hook's appearance in Hull was a marked success. The huge church was crammed by an attentive congregation who listened for upwards of an hour, my own impression being that it was only half the time. The way he read the lessons I never heard equalled. "His reading," says Mr. H. B. W. Churton, "was touching and effective, just because no effect was aimed at; and it was commonly remarked that it was as good as a sermon, or a sermon of itself, to hear him read the lessons." An old woman was listening to him reading the twenty-sixth of St. Matthew, and never took her eyes off him during the whole seventy-five verses. But when he came to "Peter remembered the words which Jesus had said, Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice, and he went out and wept bitterly," her pent-up feelings could restrain themselves no longer, and with a deep-drawn sigh she ejaculated, "Ay, poor thing, and well he might." Every one has not the powers of Hook, but every one might, one would think, avoid the monotonous sing-song or the dry, rasping tones with which the sublime vaticinations of the prophets, the picturesque narratives of the Gospels, and the argumentative statements of the Epistles are too often slurred over with the same absence of feeling and perception.

There were other causes for excitement, for the Church was only just awaking out of the deep slumber that had fallen on her, and the State had passed through great political changes, and greater ones were impending. Those were the days of time-honored abuses, when bishops were little seen or wished to be seen, when visitations were seldom made, and confirmations held once in seven years, when patronage was regarded chiefly as a means of enriching relations and dependents, and when the fortunate possessors of stalls and big benefices thanked God for their good luck. The stately prelate who presided over the province of York (Vernon Harcourt), and whose likeness may be discerned in Mr. Frith's great picture, was thus spoken of by a country churchwarden who had been deputed by the vestry to a visit to Bishop-

thorpe. "His Grace received us with the utmost urbanity, and we were asked to sit down to a famous dinner (luncheon), and we supped good ale out of silver mugs."* Yet Hook himself speaks most warmly of his Grace's kindness and sympathy when he first bore the brunt of the battle at Leeds as a great help to him. He constantly consulted the archbishop, who, as is well known, offered him a canon's stall at York.

The Reform Bill and the Test Act were but recent, and the clergy, for their opposition to both measures, were looked on as the opponents of progress, and the enemies of the people.† Riots had been raised in different places; the palace of the Bishop of Bristol had been sacked. Cobbett and Ackland scattered their pamphlets broadcast over the country. The "Black Book," with the most absurdly exaggerated statements on ecclesiastical revenues, was greedily read and discussed at Socialist gatherings, and at political clubs, chiefly of working-men.

The factory system had superseded the old hand-loom, and mills had been gutted, and machinery destroyed. Cholera, fever, and famine had done their worst, almost unchecked, for the cottages were built on the banks of canals fetid and poisonous with the refuse of dyeworks and the sewage of mills, and sanitary regulations were entirely unknown. The Lord's Day was commonly spent — in the morning in sleeping off the Saturday night's debauch — and in the afternoon in dog-fighting, pigeon-flying, and boxing-matches, and free fights.

There was a grievous lack of that sympathy between classes which Judge Talfourd pronounced from the seat of judgment, just before his death, to be the great want of the age. It amazes one to reflect how such acts as those for the regulation of mills and mines should have been opposed as they were, the Ten Hours Act especially, by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright; but then there were class interests to serve. The miserable procrastinations and obsti-

nate rejection of these beneficial measures from year to year may be read in the "Life of Lord Shaftesbury," and the ridicule he was exposed to in Greville's "Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria," the Mr. Worldly-Wiseman of his generation, as he has been called. "We are just now," Greville says, "overrun with philanthropy, and God knows where it will stop or whither it will lead us!" But Shaftesbury and Hook fought bravely on, and on the same lines. Both were uncompromising advocates of the Ten Hours Act, and of national education; both worked against tremendous odds; both won the causes for which they strove.

Let your laws [says Shaftesbury] assume the proper function of laws, protect those for whom neither wealth nor station nor age has raised a bulwark against tyranny, but above all open your treasury, erect churches, send forth the ministers of religion, reverse the conduct of the enemy of mankind, and sow wheat among the tares. All hopes are groundless, all legislation weak, all Conservatism nonsense without this alpha and omega of policy; it will give content instead of bitterness, engraft obedience on rebellion, raise purity from corruption, life from the dead.*

These were exactly the ways Hook worked. He got up at four in the morning for his studies, and, as one who knew him well says: "The vicar of Leeds would never have been so great a worker if he had not been a solid and patient thinker. The hours in which the light burnt in his study before the world was up, had much to do with the fruitful activity of the busy day which followed." He was always at his place in church, he was daily on his pastoral rounds, and he soon became as well known as the policeman on his beat. His indirect influence was so great that men rebuked each other for swearing, and boys ceased to ill-treat donkeys by the reminder, "Doan't ye see toul'd vicar?" He made himself acquainted with the merchants and manufacturers at their places of business, and rallied around him the shopkeepers and tradesmen. He saw the working classes at their homes after their day's work was over, and mixed with them at their club dinners, where, by the way, he always managed to keep them sober.

He threw himself heart and soul into every scheme for the benefit of his people, and that without any sacrifice of principle. But they did not understand him at first, and so he had to undergo the bullyings of Chartists and Socialists, whom

* Crabbe's vicar fairly represents the Churchmanship of the day, though of course his poems had been written long before Hook's time.

† What is a Church? A flock, our vicar cries,
Whom bishops govern and whom priests advise,
In which are various forms and due degrees,
The bench for honor and the stall for ease.
Mine be that ease which after all his cares
The peaceful praying prebendary shares."

† The Radicals were of that extreme class described by Wordsworth, who could never mention a bishop, or a king from King David downwards, without some atrabilious prefix or other.

* Life of Lord Shaftesbury, vol. i., p. 346.

he met with firmness and good humor, and managed in the end by his tact to turn into friends and supporters. He soon found that under the guise of seeming indifference there was a deep feeling of attachment to the Church. This showed itself in several old customs. On Midlent or Mothering Sunday the young men and maidens used to meet at home and go to their mother church, hence the name it bore. At Easter and Whitsuntide they used to come from any distance to be married, or to have their children christened. So Hook availed himself of these time honored traditions for good, and tried to free them from the abuses that had gathered round them. His first great act after taking possession of his benefice was to build a church worthy of the place — a fabric which, although it may not satisfy the architectural tastes of the present day, has been cited by no less an authority than the late Mr. Beresford Hope as almost perfect in its arrangements for a dignified congregational worship, and as one in which three thousand people may both see and hear.

Then, although he did not himself know the difference between "God save the King" and the "Old Hundredth Psalm," he had the shrewdness to meet the popular taste for music by providing in his newly built church the finest choral services known in the north of England. People who do not know the West Ridingers can have no idea of their passion for music. I once went to preach for a friend, who, by the way, tolerated the excess under protest. "Please, sir," said the clerk, "not to preach for more than a quarter of an hour, for our people, you see, come for the music." There were two choirs and two anthems; one choir sat down to criticise the other; service began at half past six, but I did not get into the pulpit till the clock had struck eight, and all the time I was preaching the singers were consulting their music-books and their watches by turns.

A parson came from another part of the country to the neighborhood of Leeds, and not noticing the stringing up of the fiddles and the tuning up of other instruments going on in the west gallery or singing-loft, stood up to read the Venite, on which the conductor or precentor, waving the bow of his violoncello, bawled out, "Sit thee down, man; when it's thy turn, we'll tell thee." Some one reminded Dr. Hook of the length of the service on Sunday morning. "Pudding cold, doctor, pudding cold," Hook considered the ob-

jection a valid one. This reminds me of what my old dean (Dr. Bowers) said to me when some one had complained of the length of my discourse, "Our people will listen to you with interest for a quarter of an hour, with an effort for twenty minutes, but beyond twenty-five minutes St. Paul himself could not compete with a burning pudding."

Dr. Hook possessed another gift, without which he could never have got on in Yorkshire, and that was a sense of humor. Sydney Smith said that it needed a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's head — an opinion in which no one who has read Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" can possibly agree, and there is something akin in the grim Caledonian and West Riding humor. I was preaching one of a course of sermons in the open air in a non-church-going part of a town parish, when I was pleasantly struck by the polite attention of the landlord of a small public house close by, who had placed a chair and table at my disposal for a temporary pulpit. So I remarked on it to one of my hearers. "Why, you see," said he, "he reckons on some of 'em dropping in for a glass when you've done." A curate was trying to make a religious census of his flock, and asked a working-man what religion he was. "Why, you may put me down as the religion of a wheelbarrow; I goes whichever way they shoves me," *i.e.*, whichever way suited his interest. Another man, with a grin on his face, boasted of his regular attendance at church; his comrades burst out laughing — the fellow had just left prison, where attendance at public worship was, of course, compulsory. But Yorkshiremen are civil after a fashion. One day I paid a visit to a handloom weaver busy throwing his shuttle, while his loom creaked and groaned so that I could not get a word in. So I asked him if he earned a penny in five minutes. "No," he said, "how should I?" So I laid down a penny. "Now," I said, "let us talk for five minutes." The man stopped, looked at the clock — "Five minutes is up," he said at the end of the time, "but take back your penny; your talk has been worth more than the brass [money]. You may look in again if you've a mind."

Hook was roundly denounced at a vestry meeting as a High Churchman. I do not suppose that his opponent knew very much what a High Churchman was, but the vicar let him go on unchecked, heaping epithet upon epithet on him as vicar

and chairman. When he had done speaking, up jumped Hook. "Now," said he, "I am going to act upon a Church principle, a High Church principle, a very High Church principle indeed." Every one was silent, wondering what on earth was coming next, when he crossed over to where his antagonist was sitting, and said, "I am going to forgive him," and put out his hand, which was earnestly taken, and both became fast friends. There is no better way of appeasing a Yorkshireman's wrath than by a joke; but then it must be a good joke, and you must joke at the proper time, or it will be no joke for you. At a church meeting more seats were needed, so some extra benches were borrowed from a chapel hard by. "You see," said the vicar, "if the Dissenters won't adopt our ceremonies, we don't object to their forms." A parson's gravity is sometimes not a little tried. I was once capping Yorkshire stories with Bishop Atlay, Hook's successor. Our talk turned on the strange errands a clergyman is sometimes sent on. Said the bishop, "Have you ever been sent for to shave a man?" On my answering no, "Then I have, and it happened this way. You know they never called me or Hook by our names; it was t' vicar or t' doctor. So a damsel came with a message to me to go at once to her master who was 'very bad.' When I got there I found I was expected to shave him. She had been told to go to a shop kept by a man of the name of Vicars, or to Vicars's; but she knew of no Vicar but me. However, it gave me the opportunity of ministering to the sick man in another way. Ah, I thought, 'So, my lord, you were sent for to *shave*, and you remained to *shrive*.'"

Hook had a fine epigrammatic way of putting things. Here is what he said to an artisan, who talked to him of his surprise in seeing the light burning in the vicarage study, as he went to work, at five in the morning. "Well, my lad, it takes a deal of courage to get up at all, and it only requires a little more to get up at four."

Here are his directions about preaching. "First state your case; then state your facts; then make out your case; then sum up. If your sermon is not in your opinion a good one, deliver it as if you thought it a good one." He deprecated the impatience with which sermons are heard. "If you have something to say, you must have time to say it. In these days men only measure sermons by minutes. 'Mr. A. preached this morning,

didn't he?' 'Yes, a capital sermon; only nine minutes and a half.' 'Didn't Liddon preach in the evening?' 'Oh, yes, he preached fifty minutes and two seconds.'" Another of his dictums was, "Preach to the many, but always try to bring in something for the few."

How to manage a rector. "Do your rector's work; but let him get the credit for it, and then you are sure to be good friends."

Hook's means were never large, and they became less by degrees, owing to his surrender of revenues on his division of his parish, and to increasing family claims. Here is his simple estimate of the pleasures of greater abundance:—

I really do not care for any luxuries, if I did not on principle deny them to myself, but I do confess that I like to have people to dine with me and to give a poor man occasionally rather a large *tip*. It makes him so happy. I remember how I liked a tip at school, and so I cannot help thinking how pleasantly an unexpected half-crown must come into a poor man's hand, and I must confess that when walking with the children, if they want a toy, I have some difficulty in saying "No," and I also confess that I do not like to say "No" to subscriptions. All very amiable confessions, like experiences told at a Methodist class meeting, but all proving that I am not by nature economical, and that my wife is quite right in saying that very often there is more religion in refusing than in subscribing.

What is a regular brick? When Hook, as Dean of Chichester, was engaged in rebuilding the spire of his cathedral, he had made himself responsible for a considerable sum of money. The time for payment came, but he had no money in hand. So he bethought himself of his publisher, and asked him for an advance, on the credit of his "Lives of the Archbishops," then in progress. This request was at once complied with, to which Hook wrote back: "Dear B.,—I never knew before what a Regular Brick was. You are a Regular Brick."

Hook, like many of us, formed a high estimate of public men, on the grounds, I suppose, of the *ignotum pro magnifico*.

In a letter to his friend Lord Hatherley, then Sir W. P. Wood, he gives an account of an interview with Ranke the historian:—

When I was in the Rolls House, Mr. Hardy told me that a German was in the next room collecting materials for a life of William III. He said Macaulay had only written the "Life of William" for the English. "No," said Mr. Hardy, "not for the *English* but for the *Whigs*." The German was Ranke. I had

thought of Ranke, the author of the "History of the Popes," as an old classic. It never crossed my mind that he could be living and working. That work of his is one of the few of this age which will live forever.

"Shall I ask him to step in here," said Mr. Hardy, "or will you call on him?" Of course I chose the latter alternative as the more respectful. I expected to see a gigantic German, a kind of knock-me-down author, when I was presented to a diminutive, untidy, good-natured, chatty, unpretending man, more like a Frenchman than a German. You know my bump of veneration is strong for great men, and I bowed low, but he being nearer the ground bowed lower still. I mentioned my obligations to the "History of the Popes" (Hook was writing his "Lives of the Archbishops"). "Ah," he said, "you will make use of me now that you are coming to my period. I am impatient to see the fifth volume; you will have to touch on Germany." At this proof of my fame being European, I raised my head and could not lower it sufficiently to see my little friend until I sat down. I did sit down, and information oozed out of him from every pore.

Besides his heavy parochial and literary work, his advice was so constantly asked that it entailed on him a most fatiguing amount of anxious correspondence. Once, at the beginning of Lent, a friend who had a sister in a Roman Catholic convent, told the vicar that this nun had been bidden to abstain from writing any letters during Lent as a piece of penitential discipline. "Dear me," said Hook, "I only wish there was somebody whom I was bound to obey, who would impose such a Lenten penance on me." It would no doubt have been a wonderful relief to him.

His well earned preferment did not come a day too soon, for time and hard work were telling on him. Necessary, however, as the change was, it was a great grief to him. He says, in his journal, "This day I bade farewell to dear, dear Leeds." And his biographer writes, "Next day, with many a tear, and many a 'longing, lingering look behind,' he tore himself away from the smoky town, with its forest of chimneys and its great grim piles of warehouses and mills; not an endearing place to the stranger's eye, but full to him of tender memories dear to him as the scene of many hard-earned victories in the cause of the Church, and of education and social reform; dear to him as the abode of loving and grateful hearts. And what a contrast between the Leeds, as he entered it in 1837, as he left it in 1859! He found it a stronghold of Dissent, he left it a stronghold of the Church; he found it one parish, he left it many parishes; he found

it with fifteen churches, he left it with thirty-six; he found it with three schools, he left it with thirty; he found it with six parsonage houses, he left it with twenty-nine."

So in the comparative seclusion of Chichester, he resumed his originally studious and literary habits, broken in upon very early in his residence, however, by the rebuilding of the spire, and by invitations to preach, which his family, as a real question of self-preservation, compelled him, after a time, absolutely to refuse.

He was indebted for his deanery at Chichester to the Earl of Derby; subsequently, but when he was too old and infirm for change, Mr. Gladstone offered him the deaneries of St. Paul's and Canterbury. He felt the compliment, but declined the responsibility.

Opinions differ as to Hook's merits as a historian. Certainly his style is graphic, his portraits lifelike, and there is ever and anon "a quaint conceit" about him which recalls old Thomas Fuller, so that in reading his "Lives of the Archbishops," one must bear in mind what manner of man he was. You could not expect him to be quite impartial, any more than you could Dr. Johnson. But then, and unlike some modern historians, he was incapable of slurring over a fact, or of defending a character at the expense of truth. Besides which, he was far too outspoken to fear running counter to popular notions. Thus some readers, who were aware of his avowal that he intended to write as "a Protestant of the Church of England," must have rubbed their eyes when they came to his estimate of their favorite Cranmer.

For what [he says in a letter to his publisher] or in what cause was he (Cranmer) a martyr? Poor fellow, burning must be a terrible death, so we must not be severe upon him, but never did a man ever tell such a heap of falsehoods, lie upon lie, as he did to *escape* martyrdom. He died at last, because, like the rest of us, he could not help it, but he lied like a trooper to put off the inevitable hour as long as he could. He had sent others to death because they disagreed with him in opinion, and his opinions were always changing. . . . But I really do not think he was so bad a man as Lord Macaulay, Mr. Pocock and others make him out to have been. He was, I am convinced, a well-meaning, good-natured man, though the harm he did through his want of fixed principle, his time-serving, his indolence, and his worldliness was great.

Few historical parallels are better than the following comparison between Eras-

mus and Pole in a letter to Mr. E. A. Freeman:—

There is something deeply interesting to my mind in reading contemporary letters. I had last year to make myself thoroughly acquainted with Erasmus. What a fine old fellow he was with all his faults! How charming are his letters! Very different are the letters of Pole. Erasmus was a man of genius, creating the language in which he wrote. It is Erasmus Latin. Pole, a good man, but not more than a man of talent, affects the Ciceronian style. You know that Erasmus says what he thinks. Pole before writing, thought only of what a man in his situation ought to write, and then affected Ciceronian phrases. I was brought up by Dr. Gabel (at Winchester) to be an intense admirer, as I was at one time a great reader of Cicero. So I read Pole with a certain amount of pleasure. But if I met Erasmus I should go up to him, shake hands with him, and make a joke. To Pole I should take off my hat, and say I felt much honored by making his acquaintance; feel shy and get away as fast as I could.

Hook had devoted a good deal of time and study to early Church history, and was exceedingly well read in the annals of the English Church during the time of the Reformation, and subsequently. But the mediæval Church he had not studied with equal depth and care. All its better side (its poetry, its art, its philosophy, its protection of the weak against the strong), which had been fully appreciated by Guizot, by Michelet, by J. S. Mill, by Trench, by Voight, by Arnold, he had not learned to grasp. Hence, for a full appreciation of such an archbishop as St. Anselm we must have recourse to Dean Church and to Professor Freeman, rather than to the late Dean of Chichester.

Mr. Gladstone says of him:—

He has left behind him monuments in literature which would have done honor to any clergyman who had a hundred times the leisure of Dr. Hook. Hardly any one rises to eminence in the rank of historians without devoting his entire life to the task; yet, first in the merest fringes and scraps of his time, and then in the calm of his closing years at Chichester, Dr. Hook contrived to write his "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," which really almost means a history of the Church of England, and certainly entitles him to take rank as an historian of much credit and merit, though not perhaps thought fit to enter into the first rank of historians. No student of the profoundly important period of the sixteenth century can possibly pass by his labor, and he will long be quoted as an authority on that critical and prolific time.*

* Lecture delivered at Hawarden.

The deanery of Chichester was just the preferment he liked, worn out and prematurely old as he felt himself to be. It brought together in a very remarkable way the beginning and the close of his ministry: his curacy at Whippingham—the church, by the way, though since rebuilt, which the queen attends—and his retirement at Chichester, whence he could gaze across the sea at the Isle of Wight, so full of his earliest recollections. As a very young man he had written from Oxford:—

My bowels yearn for our lovely island. To peace and quiet, to the parish that I love and the studies I delight in, to pursuits which are congenial to my soul, and to that retirement for which I am best adapted, to divinity, to Shakespeare and the Muse, to green fields instead of dirty streets, to the calm of the country instead of the noise of the town, to the love of my simple flock instead of the heartlessness of the world I shall return with increased joy and redoubled zest, there to lay the deep foundations for future distinction in the vocation to which I am heart and soul devoted.

And, indeed, the quiet of Whippingham was as needful for the development of Hook's character as the subsequent activities of Birmingham, Coventry, and Leeds. It helped him to attain that "union of action and contemplation" which Bacon calls "the perfection of human nature." So to the near neighborhood of Whippingham the good old man returned, though we are not told that he revisited it after he became dean. Perhaps he only wished to bury dead memories, for he must long ago have outlived all personal recollections.

Those who were privileged to share his hospitality found him, though with a few harmless eccentricities, no shovel-patched dignitary, but as genial as when he was plain vicar of Leeds. "Ring for what you want," he is reported to have said to Bishop Atlay, who had been his successor at Leeds, when a guest at the deanery, "and be thankful for what you can get."

I often think [says a Yorkshire parson] of my interview with Hook years and years ago, in a small private room with stone floor, and no carpets, and dark oak furniture; how he received me like a father, and listened to my story, and counselled me, and then, before I left, instead of a shake of the hand, he bade me kneel (I was filled with wonder), and he pronounced his benison, and I came away trembling. I saw him again at Chichester, and reminded him of my first interview. He gasped out, for his breathing was very diffi-

cult, "May the blessing remain." Oh, that we had more clergy of his stamp!

After sixteen years of usefulness, and four after the death of his wife, a true helpmeet, he was taken to his rest. There was something singularly touching and peaceful in his end. He had been accustomed to say that he did not fear death, but was afraid of dying. This pang was spared him.

His son writes :—

He had been accustomed to give me his blessing after prayers, till towards the end, when he asked me to act more ministerially towards him. But on this evening he stopped me as I began, and spreading out his hands he pronounced the benediction over us. It was a moment of consciousness and almost the last that he had. The whole of the last fourteen hours he was unconscious, and one may almost say that he passed away in sleep. So mercifully did our Heavenly Father have respect to the only weakness of the flesh that had given terror to the thought of death.

In passing in review the life of this great Churchman one sees how much more than a mere ecclesiastic he was, in fact that he was a many-sided as well as an extraordinary man. I not think that his biographer exaggerates when he pronounces him to be at once an active parson, an eloquent preacher, a laborious student, a voluminous letter-writer, an able historian, a witty humorist, a wise practical moralist, an earnest Christian, an ardent patriot, and every inch of him a sturdy Englishman. Mr. Gladstone calls him a hero, and a hero he certainly was, if we accept that celebrated statesman's definition, "one who pursues ends beyond himself—pursues them as a man, and not as a dreamer; not giving to some one idea an unruly weight to which it has no title, and balanced development, and forgetting everything else that belongs to the perfection and excellence of human nature." His still more intimate friend, Lord Hatherley, says, "There was in him a rare combination of genius in devising, and industry in carrying into effect, schemes for the full development of the Church; first in evangelizing those large masses of our population whose hearts so few had been able to reach, and then in building up their faith upon a firm foundation. For the one great characteristic of his course was in all things reality." And, as Mr. Gladstone concludes, "his heroic

sacrifice has earned him a secure and lofty place as a worn soldier in the annals of the bloodless warfare of the gospel, and as a benefactor in the fond recollection of tens of thousands of his countrymen."

I cannot refrain from giving the following passage from one of Hook's earliest sermons at Chichester :—

The Christian man will hear in the circumstances under which he is placed the voice of the Lord saying, "In performing the duties of thy station, thou art performing the duties to which I call thee!" This it is which gives dignity to the humblest office. It matters not what our work may be—to sit on a throne, or kneel a petitioner before it; to repel the enemies of our country, or to conduct its affairs; to fight the battle, or to watch the stuff; to command, or to obey; to manage an estate, or to cultivate a farm; to conduct a commercial firm, or to serve in the shop, or labor in the mill; to give the mind to a profession, or the hand to a trade; to plead as an advocate, or sit as a judge; to argue or to decide; to read or to write; to sweep a street, or to walk over it; to preach the Gospel or to hear it; to administer the sacraments, or to receive them—the single question relates to the principle upon which the action is done, and all actions, however insignificant in themselves, are raised to the same elevation when what is done is done simply because it is God's command, the marching orders of the Captain of our Salvation.

Well may Mr. Gladstone add, "That is the grand secret of Dr. Hook's life."

NOTE.—I have been led into an amusing discussion as to the derivation of the word "brick" as applied to a person. Mr. Charles Mackay in the *May Blackwood*, on "English Slang and French Argot," says that "Brick," the highest encomium paid to a good fellow, is from *brigh*, spirit, energy, courage, and *brigheil*, magnanimous.

In Murray's "New Dictionary," "'brick,' as applied to a person, signifies a genuine character, one made of good stuff; the image is suggested by the usefulness and hardness of the brick." But Archdeacon Anson, Dr. Hook's son-in-law, reminds me that Aristotle speaks of the τετράγωνος ἀνεμ ψόρον, the four-angled figure, i. e., cube, without blame or fault, *Anglicè*, a regular brick (*Ethics*, i. 10-11).

My friend, Mr. N. A. Roch, tells me that Dr. Arnold gave the sixth form as an exercise to write a description of Oxford in the style of Herodotus. One of the boys tried to describe a cap and gown. Dr. Arnold suggested for the cap τετράγωνος, a word no doubt very familiar to him whose thoughts were always full of Thucydides and Aristotle.

From The National Review.

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN CULTURE.

THE theory is admitted to be decidedly old-fashioned which laid it down that music was all a question of "ear;" that some people were born with an "ear for music," and others without; and that the appreciation, enjoyment, and even tolerance of the art, depended entirely on the possession of that mysterious and unfathomable endowment. Such a view might have its supporters a generation or two ago, before the practice and cultivation of music became so universal an accomplishment as it is to-day; but since the present "illumination" set in, the discovery has been made that the inscrutable and heaven-sent "ear" is a property common to every human being, and that the will to like speedily produces the power to comprehend.

There have been other epochs, when views as liberal have prevailed, and when the exuberance of musical culture has been a matter of remark. On examination, these various eras would be found to betray a strange community of characteristics. A receptive age is not a musical age. Still less is a philosophical age. But the type of all musical eras is the Renaissance, a time of large literary activity, of great practical undertakings, of scientific discovery, of creative energy in art and poetry. In such companionship does music ever appear, when it surges to the surface of life as a leading art of the day. What participation has it with the spirit of its companions, seeing that it is an efflux of the same mental motions which produce all? Let us consider the matter more closely than generalities allow, and ask under what circumstances music is daily and hourly brought into being, not only at favored epochs, but at all times, that so we may discover its spirit.

A great deed is done; the toil and the labor of it are over; success crowns the completed achievement—then comes in music to celebrate it. Men and women meet in social gatherings; amusement, entertainment, festivity, banish for a while the cares and troubles of life—and then, for that while, is music heard to sound. Music is the expression of joy. Nay, more, it is the expression of joy reduced to an art. The same feeling which vents itself in the most elementary forms we see around us—that prompts the ploughman to whistle when his furrows are completed, the housewife to sing as she cheerfully accomplishes her daily labor, nay, even

the crowd to shout and huzzah at any gallant action or admirable performance—the same feeling is eternally present, as the very soul of the art at large. A curious phonograph has been unconsciously at work for ages upon ages, which has little by little noted down, developed, improved, refined man's varied expression of his joy and happiness; and the result, in a wondrously idealized form of beauty, is the art of music. And at those epochs of the world's history, when joy is most exuberant—when the toilings and pointings of the past have reached a climax, when success is crowning long endeavor, when labor is lightening, and life itself is blithe and gay—then it is that music comes prominently forward as a dominant art of the age.

Can we pass from regarding music as the independent expression of something, to viewing it as a direct influence possessed of a certain dynamic value towards impressing life and thought, actions and ideas? With regard to thought—not to go deeper than manifest appearance—the mere addition of music to thought, like pouring wine into water, or blending blue and yellow to a new color, turns thought at once into poetry. Given, let us say, a certain quantity of thought. Directly music is allowed to play amidst it, the words begin to marshal into feet and lines, and the ideas to court precedence or subordination according to the needs of their own importance relatively to the exigencies of the measure. What was before a sort of chaos of disorder, has developed into clear and rounded form, by benefit of the musical rhythm playing like a pendulum through it, and reducing all to symmetry by the regularity of its beating. In this aspect of its influence, then, we should not do wrong to describe music as the spirit or power of form, since it thus gives easily and unconsciously form to the imaginings of the thinker, without the troublesome effort of cold and deliberate arrangement. And adding music to action, in like manner as to thought, what is the guise that it then appears in? And here our answer is palpable and popular enough, needing no demonstration, but merely remark. For music in action is simply the power of musical performance, the ability to play, to sing, or to compose music; and for such the popular term, "accomplishment," is ample description and explanation, which thus recognizes it as a grace or adornment of the character, and as contributing to enhance and improve that

general pose of the faculties which we call style.

Such simple and apparent facts as we place down here, are the plain and prosaic residue of a former and vanished world of dreams and imaginations; and have been chosen by us because they may commend themselves even to the sceptical and practical mood of modern thinking. But at the threshold of civilized music such dreams were in the air, about its power and influence, as well may compare with the visions and vaunts of the alchemists in the infancy of science, or the almost divine prerogatives arrogated by the astrologers in the days when astronomy was ambitious and young. Yet the fantasies of music had much more appearance of reason in them than these; and, what is more, were linked with infinitely purer and higher motives. The favorite problem of thinkers and teachers, since thought began, has been to find some engine of education which should reach the character, as effectually as the ordinary means of training touch the understanding; and in the opinion of many, not men alone but nations, music was such an engine. "It is music," said the Spartans, "which distinguishes the brave man from the coward." "A man's music is the source of his courage." It was their music which enabled Leonidas and his three hundred to conquer at Thermopylæ. It was music which taught the Spartan youths how to die in the wrestling-ring or the field of battle. These claims are audacious surely. Yet when we consider how the rhythmical tread of the brave man differs from the agitated shamble of the coward, how music is the art of human joy, and how joy and repose of mind are the main elements of manly fortitude, we shall, at any rate, admit that there is a strong affinity somewhere; our only difficulty will be to acknowledge that music, deliberately applied, could ever be the direct cause of these reputed results. To achieve the end desired, Spartan boys passed their youth in learning tunes, hymns, and songs — this was their sole mental culture. They were taught to dance and keep step to the measure of the songs as they sang them; and grown to manhood, now perfect warriors, marched into battle with smiling faces, crowned with flowers, calm, joyful, and serene; and, intoning their songs, moved steadily thus into the thickest of the fight, undisturbed and irresistible. The band that leads our armies to the field of battle nowadays is a scant survival of Spartan practice; yet even in

this music by proxy, there are many elements of incitement to courage.

If such was the reputed function of music among the Spartans, what was it with the Athenians? At Athens, its rôle was a tamer one, yet none the less implicitly credited. All the graces of life in which that refined people so much delighted, easy elegance of carriage, beauty of bodily pose, melody of voice, clearness of pronunciation, even lucidity of thought and language, were sought to be acquired by means of music. Therefore, although music was not the exclusive engine of education, as at Sparta, it was so conspicuously the principal one, that the laws of Solon laid it down as the one compulsory subject of instruction; and the common Athenian expression for the entirely indispensable attainments of culture, answering to our "three R's," was "good singing and good dancing." Dancing, indeed, was a most obvious promoter of some of the results that they desired to attain, by cultivating symmetry of motion and flexibility of limb; and this is a point which is often overlooked by detractors and deriders of Greek musical education. But singing and general theoretical knowledge were no less fertile of the aim intended, for the first would conduce to a clear voice and delivery, and the second to that harmonious structure of sentences, which is one of the earliest means to perspicuity of thought.

But it was with the Pythagoreans, in the privacy of that mysterious brotherhood, which for influence and unseen extensiveness in antiquity might well be compared with the order of the Jesuits or of the Templars in more modern times, that the repute of music as a means of culture reached its climax. Here, and in the tenets of their order, such things were said of it, and such marvellous results of its operations were implicitly believed in, as may well amaze the most credulous, and tend, from their very extravagance, to discredit all faith in a nostrum reported sovereign for the attainment of every moral and intellectual knowledge. Passing by their conception of music as the visible form of the spirit of the universe, the principle of creation's order, and the mainstay and supporter of the material world, as topics far beyond the wildest sympathies of our fancies, let us view their dealings with it rather in the educational aspect. And transplanting ourselves to their days and to the localities of their activity in southern Italy, we shall be aware of a large body of men, under the presidency

of a renowned philosopher, and with the approval of many cities and much enlightened opinion, conducting an education, which was to qualify pupils as lawyers, statesmen, artists, soldiers, thinkers, and what not, by means of music alone. The pupils we are told, in the Pythagorean schools, rose at an early hour in the morning, and having assembled together, sang many songs and hymns in chorus, which freed their spirits from heaviness, and attuned them to harmony and order. The music selected was regulated according to the prescription of a calendar, wherein each day had its appointed harmonies; and a rotation of well-chosen songs was travelled through in the course of a year. After the musical service was over, the pupils separated for a morning walk. Each went his walk alone, choosing for the purpose such sequestered places where he might find silence and tranquillity, as in the neighborhood of temples, or in solitary groves, or by running waters, and other such retired spots. The reason of the solitude, we are expressly told, was "to prevent bad noises getting into the mind and jolting it," and further to prepare the spirit by a long spell of silence for the more acute reception of the music that was to follow during the rest of the day. After their walk was over, they all met together in some place agreed upon, a temple, a portico, or an avenue, and practised sedulously singing, theory, and playing. The theory was designed to educate the intellect, by teaching it to work on musical and harmonious principles, while the singing and playing were to operate upon the passions and feelings. Any perturbations of mind which might have arisen despite all their care, any lurking tendency to jealousy, pride, concupiscence, excess in appetite, angry feelings, looseness of thought—for these and many more, there were "ineffable melodies and rhythms," "sovereign musical specifics, which Pythagoras had prepared like so many drugs;" and these the students applied to one another, in the serious understanding that the results predicted would follow. After some hours spent in this way, they betook themselves to lawns and gardens to exercise their bodies. In musical rhythm and with carefully prearranged steps and motions, they would leap with dumbbells in their hands, or practice calisthenics, till the hour of noon arrived, when they would meet in the common hall for dinner. At this meal, which was the first and only repast during the day, they used singular

abstemiousness, eating only bread and honey, or a piece of honeycomb. After dinner they walked again by rivers and in groves, not in solitude as in the morning, but in twos and threes, singing songs and extemporizing melodies on their lyres, while the whole neighborhood resounded with the echoes of their music. When the evening came, they again occupied themselves with musical concerts for some hours till it was time to retire for the night; and they slept on pure white beds with linen coverlets. And this was the manner of life they passed from day to day.

That all the great results which Pythagoras claimed to flow from his system of musical education were, in many cases, imaginary, will not be hard to believe, since to write a list of them would include every good quality and every mental ability in man. Indeed, such wholesale exaltation of the power of music as a means of culture, and such exclusive use of it, has done much to alienate sympathy from the serious discussion of the subject; and the very name, Pythagoreanism, has become almost synonymous with quackery. But among the rest, there are three results in particular which he strongly accentuated, and which will be found to agree pretty closely with the position laid down at the beginning of this paper. "Music," said Pythagoras, "produces especially three most useful things to men; it ensures the power of form to thought, it engenders the instinct of social tact, and it invites to tranquillity of soul." Had he been content with limiting his claims to so small a compass, some practical and permanent issue, perhaps, would have followed from his theories, instead of their vanishing entirely, one and all, into the limbo of forgotten fancies; since the things here enumerated are confessedly so unteachable, and, at the same time, so contributive to the well-being of humanity, that were any means even practically suggested of ensuring their acquisition as a part of culture, it would be the beginning of an untold boon to the world.

Now he did not stand alone in his advocacy of these claims, since, curiously enough, we find Plato joining company with him at least in one of them. The enigmatical assertion in the "Laws" has often moved the gravity of scholars, but must, in fact, be taken *au sérieux*, as containing a radical element of Greek belief. Music, according to Plato, was the fount of all knowledge of etiquette—a perfect counterpart to the Pythagorean theory of

the social tact. "Boys who receive a proper musical education," he says, "will know when to be quiet in the presence of their elders, when to get up, and when to sit down; they will know the respect they must pay their parents; and in smaller things also they will be equally adept, as, for instance, in the fashion of cutting their hair, what clothes to wear, and what style of shoes to have, and they will be versed in all the niceties of the toilet." More lucid than his mystic predecessor, he condescends to explain in part this apparently extraordinary view. For "music naturally shades off into the love of beauty," he says. And if we were to continue his exposition more fully, we might say that a grace or accomplishment implanted and sedulously cultivated in any man or woman will naturally tend to produce in all their actions, thoughts, and feelings the constant reflection of its own gracefulness.

Such are some of the dreams which meet us on the threshold of the art's history, about its operations and effects. In those days music was young, and its powers, viewed with amazement and curiosity, were necessarily much exaggerated. Some few centuries earlier land us amid the unspeakable fables of Orpheus and his lute, compared to which these educational day-dreams are the veriest unimaginative prose. But if prosaic and homely, all the more reason that they should command our attention, as the grave givings-out of reputed wisdom, and not the wild hallucinations of poets. Perhaps a closer examination of the most rational residue of the musical doctrine—and we may take the three emphasized effects we have just mentioned, to represent such a residue—may reveal the dreams as near approximations to realities, and very respectable offers at truth. One thing at least is curious, that the talent of intellectual form, the knowledge of grace or etiquette, and the condition of tranquillity or joy, are but various avatars of the same principle, according as it appears in an intellectual, a social, or a moral surrounding. If we take the power of form as the root and ground principle which springs up in consequence of musical culture, we shall easily see that, intellectually, it will appear as the genius of order and arrangement, the capacity to give harmonious shape to thought, and to mould it, if the tendency is carried to its legitimate climax, into that musical rhythm of utterance which we call poetry; morally it will embody itself as composure of mind, unruffled tranquillity of feeling, it will conduce and

finally lead to the consummate mental state of joy or rest; while socially it will engender the love and respect for that which may best be summed up, perhaps, by a vulgarism, "good form," it will incline to the adhesion to manner and ceremony, and will be the constant suggester of what to do, how to act, in the form most generally received, acknowledged, and admired among men.

Finding such a fine vein of consistency running through these apparently opposing claims, we may take heart to scrutinize them more nearly. And considering them by the light of our own observation, we may ask: Does music in ordinary experience produce these results? Do poets, for instance, write poetry through possessing a knowledge of music? Or does the power of the historian or man of science, to formulate his materials and ideas, and give a plastic contour to the often clashing elements that he has to work with—is this at all referable to any previously acquired musical culture? We submit that though the answer comes as a decisive negative, the value of such a negative is materially weakened, until the following proposition can be negatived likewise: that poets would write much better poetry if they knew music, and that historians and *savants* would mould their materials with infinitely greater art, if the same principle of harmony and order were present with them. We maintain that the experiment has never been deliberately tried, so as to admit of any assertion of its valuelessness. In modern times, music has never been made an indispensable part of general culture. At certain happy epochs, fortunate accident and music in the air have concurred to produce a sort of workable substitute for widespread musical education; and at these very periods, lo! our best poets, our most consummate literary men, our best and purest heirlooms of thought for a perplexed posterity. Limiting our view to English history alone, the reign of Queen Elizabeth was certainly the most musical age we have ever had. From the queen playing the virginals to the peasant singing carols, the whole nation were connoisseurs, composers, and performers of music. Tallis, Bird, Gibbons, and the other fathers of English music were in their prime; and masques, revels, feasts, and junkettings combined to spread the passion for the art among every order of society. In the galaxy of great poets which arose contemporaneously with these things, all men of the people and all owing their culture

not to any systematic education but to the general influences round them, fancy will not take too far a flight if it finds one great and emphatic result of the universal music in the air. No contrast in the art of literary expression could at any rate have been more marked, than between this and the preceding age of controversial writing and learned disquisition, when it could be said that "beyond the wheezing of a hymn and the droning of a bagpipe, there was no music in England." Another great musical epoch in our history extended from the closing years of the seventeenth century till the second or third decade of the eighteenth, although at this period the music was not so much an indigenous growth as an exotic culture forced upon us from without. Yet the era of the stormy Italian opera feuds, the age of Handel and Bononcini, was emphatically a great musical age in England, and set a thrill of sympathy stirring from one end of the community to the other; and contemporaneously we have our second great roll of poets and writers displayed, and Pope, Gay, Swift, Addison, Steele, and others brightening the pages of our literature. Once more, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we have a golden epoch of English music; and once more a noble company of poets as its companions, in the persons of Byron and his contemporaries. But without travelling further, we may easily see that the two things are intimately connected, and one the constant consort of the other. Can poetry be taught? Can the art of literary form, the best genius of a writer, be taught and engrafted like other elements of learning? Such things have been left to accident hitherto; and accident has always brought them to the front contemporaneously with the finest efforts and events of music. Perchance education has higher possibilities within its grasp than pedagogues have hitherto ever dreamed of, and, besides instilling the materials and substances of knowledge, may possess the power of showing its pupils how to use them. The mere acquisition of the genius for form would amply repay all labor bestowed on its achievement—so useful is it, not only to the poet, but to the prose-writer, in all the higher walks of literature. It is the first step to the conception of literary expression as an art, without which, nothing great or abiding can be performed therein; and such an acquisition cannot but follow from the inclusion of music as a part of liberal education. In the expres-

sion of beauty to which it accustoms its performer, in the familiarity with symmetrical melody to which it breeds its student, in the matching of phrase with phrase and building up therefrom an airy architecture, in the laborious acquaintance with the almost impalpable outlines of its structure—in these daily infusions of a rare and recondite knowledge, certain as they are to bear fruit in other fields of culture, lies the possibility of all plasticity in literature and thought; let alone the training of the ear—the most elementary result that would be obtained—to appreciate the melody of language, and the consequent desire and capacity to couch all thought in a fair and melodious form. We submit that this attainment alone would be the seed that would ripen in time to a general faculty of beautiful and harmonious arrangement. As the power to construct a sentence lucidly and grammatically will develop to the ability to write a paragraph in similar style, and from thence to the writing of a chapter; so the genius of arranging in melodious order and in beautiful balance a single sentence, will reveal its excellent gift no less when dealing with large sweeps of thought and wresting into cohesion great literary forms.

The other results of music, outside the strictly intellectual confine, are more superficial and more obvious, since common experience, when directed to the observation, will sufficiently show that such results are always forthcoming in a greater or less degree; yet in its desultory and undemurring assent to their presence will it be entirely unaware what great possibilities of culture are lying latent beneath its view. To admit that music is one of the graces of life, to confess to a vague pleasure in its performance—these are starting-points of concession sufficient at least partially to authenticate the old Greek view, that music is the fount of all good manners, that it is the sovereign specific of joy and tranquillity to the soul. If in its present state of comparative depreciation and a limitation of all influence beyond what an occasional performance to a casual listener can bring, it can yet extort testimony to the rudiments of its power, what concessions might we expect, what startling results might we anticipate, were it made part and parcel of serious education, and inured into the mind and character along with the other ingredients of culture? For it is among the laity rather than with the professional musicians that we should expect such results, and look for the telling influence of music.

The latter represent, rather, objective music; they carry on the skill and are the repositories of the knowledge; they show us where music may be found when we want it. But they are by no means eligible instances of the effects of music, for the exclusive cultivation of the art, or indeed of anything, deprives that thing of all its general and liberalizing value. Music, when exclusively cultivated, ceases to be a grace and accomplishment of life, but becomes, instead, a narrow theory of living, self-convinced, independent, and alone; music, when separated from general culture and made to arrogate the place of it, is like a beautiful and life-giving wind blowing over deserts, where there are no herbs to freshen and no boughs to fan; music, when converted into an exclusive pursuit instead of an auxiliary pastime to study, becomes a labor, not a delight, and is more likely to bring restlessness and ill-ease than rest and tranquillity to the mind. But to have its full and fair effect, it must be superadded to a liberal life, as a decoration and adornment merely; it must insinuate itself into culture, not serve as a substitute, and there must be culture existent for it to play amidst; and, finally, if it is the art of joy, and fertile of rest and contentment to the mind, it must be used with that temperance which commends all pleasures to our appreciation, not suffered to degenerate and lose its virtue by the needless employment of excess.

J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

From The Nineteenth Century.

PAGES FROM A WORK-GIRL'S DIARY.

It is midday. The sun's rays beat fiercely on the crowded alleys of the Jewish settlement; the air is moist from the heavy rains. An unsavory steam rises from the down-trodden slime of the East End streets and mixes with the stronger odors of the fried fish, the decomposing vegetables, and the second-hand meat which assert their presence to the eyes and nostrils of the passers-by.

For a brief interval the whirr of the sewing-machines and the muffled sound of the presser's iron have ceased. Machinists and pressers, well-clothed and decorated with heavy watch-chains; Jewish girls with flashy hats, full figures, and large bustles; furtive-eyed Polish immigrants with their pallid faces and crouching forms; and here and there poverty-

stricken Christian women — all alike hurry to and from the midday meal; while the labor-masters, with their wives and daughters, sit or lounge round about the house door, and exchange notes on the incompetency of "season hands," the low price of work, the blackmail of shop foremen, or discuss the more agreeable topic of the last deal in Petticoat Lane and the last venture on race-horses.

Jostled on and off the pavement, I wander on and on, seeking work. Hour after hour I have paced the highways and byways of the London Ghetto. No bills up except for a "good tailorress," and at these places I dare not apply, for I feel myself an impostor, and as yet my conscience and my fingers are equally unhardened. Each step I take I am more faint-hearted and more weary in body and limb. At last, in sheer despair, I summon up my courage. In a window the usual bill, but seated on the doorstep a fat, cheerful-looking daughter of Israel, who seems to invite application.

"Do you want a plain 'and'?" say I, aping ineffectually a work-woman's manner and accent, and attaining only supreme awkwardness.

The Jewess glances quickly, first at my buttonless boots, then at my short but already bedraggled skirt, upwards along the straight line of my ill-fitting coat, to the tumbled black bonnet which sits ill at ease over an unkempt twist of hair.

"No," is the curt reply.

"I can do all except buttonholes," I insist in a more natural tone.

She looks at my face and hesitates. "Where have you worked?"

"In the country," I answer vaguely.

She turns her head slowly towards the passage of the house. "Rebecca, do you want a hand?"

"Suited an hour ago," shouts back Rebecca.

"There, there, you see," remarks the Jewess in a deprecating and kindly voice as her head sinks into the circles of fat surrounding it. "You will find plenty of bills in the next street; no fear of a decent young person, as knows her work, staying out o' door this time of year;" and then, turning to the woman by her side: "It's rare tho' to find one as does. In these last three days, if we've sat down one, we've sat a dozen to the table, and not a woman amongst them as knows how to baste out a coat fit for the machine."

Encouraged by these last words I turn round and trudge on. I ask at every house with a bill up, but always the same

scrutinizing glance at my clothes and the fatal words, "We are suited!"

Is it because it is the middle of the week, or because they think I'm not genuine? think I. And at the next shop window I look nervously at my reflection, and am startled at my utterly forlorn appearance — destitute enough to be "sweated" by any master.

"Sure, there's not much on 'er back to take to the hold uncle," remarks an Irish servant to her mistress, as I turn away from the last house advertising for a "good tailorress."

I feel horribly sick and ill; and I am so painfully conscious of my old clothes that I dare not ask for refreshment at an eating-house or even at a public. Any way I will have air, so I drag one foot after another into the hackney thoroughfare. Straight in front of me, in a retail slop-shop of the lowest description, I see a large placard: "Trousers and Vest Hands Wanted Immediately." In another moment I am within a large workroom crowded with women and girls as ill-clothed as myself. At the head of a long table, examining finished garments, stands a hard-featured, shrewd-looking Jewess, in a stamped cotton velvet and with a gold-rimmed eyeglass.

"Do you want trouser hands?"

"Yes we do — indoor."

"I'm a trouser finisher."

The Jewess examines me from head to foot. My standard of dress suits her. "Call at eight o'clock to-morrow morning." And she turns from me to look over a pair of trousers handed up the table.

"What price do you pay?" say I with firmness.

"Why, according to the work done, to be sure. All prices," she answers laconically.

"Then to-morrow at eight." And I leave the shop hurriedly to escape that hard gaze of my future mistress. Again in the open street; the dazed-headiness, the dragging back-ache, and the sore feet — all the physical ills and moral depressions of the out o' work — seem suddenly swept away. At length, after this weary pilgrimage, I have secured work. The cool evening breeze, the picturesque life and stirring activity of the broad highway, even the sounds and sights of east London, add to my feeling of intense exhilaration. Only one drawback to perfect content: *Can I "finish" trousers?*

At a few minutes past eight the following morning I am standing in front of "MOSES AND SON. CHEAP CLOTH-

ING." In the window two shop boys are arranging the show garments; coats and vests (sold together) 17s. to 22s.; trousers from 4s. 6d. up to 11s. 6d.

"Coats evidently made out: I wonder where and at what price?" ponders the investigator as the work-girl loiters at the door.

"You'd better come in," says the friendly voice of a fellow-worker as she brushes past me. "You're a new-comer; the missus will expect you to be there sharp."

I follow her into the retail shop and thence through a roughly made wooden door. The workroom is long and irregularly shaped, somewhat low and dark near the entrance, but expanding into a lofty skylight at the further end. The walls are lined with match-boarding; in a prominent place, framed and under glass, hang the *Factory and Workshop Regulations*. Close by the door, and well within reach of the gas-stove (used for heating irons), two small but high tables serve the pressers; a long, low plank table, furnished with a wooden rail for the feet, forms on either side of it, chairs top and bottom, runs lengthways for the trouser finishers; a high table for the basters; and, directly under the skylight, two other tables for machinists and vest hands complete the furniture of the room. Through an open door, at the extreme end of the workshop, you can see the private kitchen of the Moses family, and beyond, in a very limited backyard, an outhouse, and, near to it, a tap and sink for the use of all the inmates of the establishment.

Some thirty women and girls are crowding in. The first arrivals hang bonnets and shawls on the scanty supply of nails jotted here and there along the wooden partition separating the front shop from the workroom; the later comers shed their outdoor garments in various corners. There is a general Babel of voices as each "hand" settles down in front of the bundle of work and the old tobacco or candle box that holds the cottons, twist, gimp, needles, thimble, and scissors belonging to her. They are all English or Irish women, with the exception of some half-dozen well-dressed "young ladies" (daughters of the house), one of whom acts as forewoman, while the others are already at work on the vests. The "missus" is still at breakfast. A few minutes after the half-hour the two pressers (English lads are the only men employed) saunter lazily into the room, light up the gas-jet, and prepare the irons.

The forewoman calls for a pair of trousers, already machined, and hands them to me. I turn them over and over, puzzled to know where to begin. The work is quite different from that of the *bespoke* shop, at which I was trained — much coarser and not so well arranged. Besides, I have no cotton, thread, twist, or gimp. The woman next me explains: "You'll 'ave to bring trimmings; we h'ain't supplied with them things y'ere; but I'll lend you some, jist to set off with."

"What ought I to buy?" I ask, feeling rather helpless.

At this moment the "missus" sweeps into the room. She is a big woman, enormously developed in the hips and thighs; she has strongly marked Jewish features, and, I see now, she is blind of one eye. The sardonic and enigmatical expression of her countenance puzzles me with its far-off associations, until I remember the caricatures, sold in City shops for portraits, of the great Disraeli. Her hair is crisp and oily — once jet black, now, in places, gray — it twists itself in scanty locks over her forehead. The same stamped cotton velvet, of a large, flowery pattern, that she wore yesterday; a heavy watch-chain, plentiful supply of rings, and a spotlessly clean apron.

"Good-morning to you," she says graciously to the whole assembly as she walks round our table towards my seat. "Sarah, have you given this young person some work?"

"Yes," replies Sarah; "fourpence half-penny."

"I have not got any trimmings. I did not know that I had to supply them. Where I worked before they were given," I ejaculate humbly.

"That's easily managed; the shop's just round the corner — Or, Sarah," she calls across the table, "you're going out — just get the young person her trimmings. The lady next you will tell you what you want," she adds in a lower tone, bending over between us.

The "lady" next me is already my friend. She is a neat and respectable married woman with a look of conscious superiority to her surroundings. Like all the trouser hands she is paid by the piece; but in spite of this she is ready to give me up time in explaining how I am to set about my work.

"You'll feel a bit strange the first day. 'Ave you been long out o' work?"

"Yes," I answer abruptly.

"Ah! that accounts for your being a bit

awkward-like. One's fingers feel like so many thumbs after a slack time."

And certainly mine do. I feel nervous, and very much on trial. The growing heat of the room, the form so crowded that one must sit sideways to secure even a limited freedom for one's elbows; the general strangeness of my position — all these circumstances unite to incapacitate a true hater of needlework for even the roughest of sewing. However, happily for me no one pays me much attention. As the morning wears on, the noise increases. The two pressers have worked up their spirits, and a lively exchange of chaff and bad language is thrown from the two lads at the pressing (immediately behind us) to the girls round our table. Offers of kisses, sharp despatches to the devil and his abode, a constant and meaningless use of the inevitable adjective, form the staple of the conversation between the pressers and the younger hands; while the elder women whisper scandal and news in each other's ears. From the further end of the room catches of music-hall songs break into the monotonous whirr of the sewing-machine. The somewhat crude and unrhythmical chorus —

Why should not the girls have freedom now
and then?

And if a girl likes a man, why should she not
propose?

Why should the little girls always be led by
the nose?

seems the favorite refrain, and, judging from the gusto with which it is repeated, expresses the dominant sentiment of the work-girls. Now and again the mistress shouts out, "Sing in time, girls; I don't mind your singing, but sing in time." There is a free giving and taking of each other's trimmings, a kindly and general supervision of each other's work — altogether a hearty geniality of a rough sort. The enigmatical and sardonic-looking Jewess sits at the upper end of our table, scans the finished garment through her gold-rimmed eyeglass, encourages or scolds as befits the case; or, screwing up her blind eye, joins in the chatter and broad-witted talk of the work-women immediately surrounding her.

"The missus 'as sixteen children," remarks my friend Mrs. Long confidentially — "height by Mr. Moses, and height by the master she buried years ago. All them girls at the bottom table ar' 'er daughters."

"They are a nice-looking set," say I, in a complimentary tone.

"Yes, it's a pity some of the girls in the shop hain't like them," mutters my respectable friend. "They're an awful bad lot, some of them. Why, bless you, that young person as is laughing and joking with the pressers jist be'ind us"—and here follow horrible details of the domestic vice and unnatural crime which disgrace the so-called "Christian" life of East London.

"Eh, eh!" joins in the woman next her, with a satisfied sniff at the scandal (a regular woman of the slums, with nose and skin patched by drink), "it's h'll thinking of what you may 'ave to touch in these sort of places."

"Well, to be sure," rejoins Mrs. Long, nettled both by the tone of superiority and by the unwarranted interruption of her disreputable neighbor, "I've worked at this same place for height years and never yet 'ave I 'ad words with any one. There's reg'ler work the week round, and reg'ler pay on a Saturday; and y're money kept for you, if you 'appen to be a-cleaning. There's no need to mix y'rself up with them whose look you don't like," she adds, with just a perceptible edging away from the slum-woman, as if to emphasize her words—"there's some of all sorts yere."

"HI'm one of that sort," blusters the woman of the slums, "that hanswers a person back when they call me bl—y names. HI'll give the last word to no one."

"I don't choose to 'old conversation wi' the like of they," says Mrs. Long, pursing up her thin lips as if to end this undesired intercourse; "it haint as if I 'ad to work for my living. My 'usband's in reg'ler work; it's only for the hextras like that I work, and jist for them times, per'aps a month the 'ole year through, that the building trade's slack."

This effectually silences the woman of the slums. Her husband, alas! comes home drunk every night and spends the irregularly earned pence lounging about the public (so I am afterwards informed by Mrs. Long). She has an ill-favored daughter by her side, with a black eye and a swollen face, with whom she exchanges work and bad language and shares greasy victuals.

"One o'clock," shouts a shrill boy's voice.

"Stop work," orders the mistress.

"I wish I might finish this bit," I say pathetically to my friend, painfully conscious of the shortcoming in the quantity if not in the quality of my work.

"You mustn't; it's the dinner hour."

The pressers are already off, the mistress and her daughters retire into the kitchen; the greater number of women and girls turn out into the street while one or two pull baskets from under the table, spread out before them, on dirty newspapers, cracked mugs, bits of bread and butter, cold sausage or salt fish; and lift, from off the gas-stove, the tin teapot wherein their drink has been stewing since the early morning. Heartily thankful for a breath of fresh air and a change from my cramped posture, I wander up and down the open street, and end my "dinner hour" by turning into a clean shop for a bun and a fresh cup of tea. Back again at two.

"You must work sharper than this," remarks the mistress, who is inspecting my work. I color up and tremble perceptibly as I meet the scrutinizing gaze of the hard-featured Jewess. She looks into my eyes with a comically puzzled expression, and adds in a gentler voice: "You must work a little quicker for your own sake. We've had worse buttonholes than these, but it don't look as if you'd been 'customed to much work."

But now the drama of the day begins. The two pressers saunter in ten minutes after the hour. This brings down upon them the ire of the Jewess. They, however, seem masters of the situation, for they answer her back in far choicer language than that in which they were addressed—language which I fear (even in a private diary) I could hardly reproduce: they assert their right to come when they choose; they declare that if they want a day off they "will see her to the devil and take it"; and lastly, as a climax to all insults, they threaten her with the "factory man," and taunt her with gambling away on racehorses the money she "sweats" out of them.

At these last words the enigmatical and sardonic expression of the Jewess changes into one of out-bursting rage. All resemblance to the City caricatures of that great passionless spirit vanishes. The deep furrows extending from just above the nostril to the corner of the mouth—lines which must surely express some race experience of the children of Israel—open out into one universal bubble of human fury. A perfect volley of oaths fly in quick succession between the principal combatants; while woman after woman joins in the fray, taking the missus's side against the pressers. The woman of the slums actually rises in her seat and pre-

pare to use her fists; while her daughter seizes the opportunity to empty the small bottle of brandy hidden under her mother's trimmings. Mrs. Long purses up her thin lips still more tightly, and looks down steadily at her work. At this critical point—enter the master.

Mr. Moses is a corpulent, well-dressed English Jew. His face is heavy and sensual, his eyes sheepish, his reputation among his wife's "hands" none of the best. At this moment, his one desire is to keep the queen's peace in his establishment. I suspect, also, from the sleepy viciousness of his expression, that he himself suffers occasionally from the missus's forcible tongue; and with this bevy of women shouting on all sides he feels the masculine side of the question. Any way, he is inclined to take a strictly impartial view of the row. "Sit down, Mrs. Jones," he shouts to the woman of the slums, "sit you down, or you and that—daughter of yours leave the shop this very instant. Now, lads, just you be quiet; go on with your work and don't speak to my wife." And then, turning to his wife, in a lower tone, "Why won't you leave them alone and not answer them?" and the rest of his speech we cannot hear; but, judging from the tone and the look, it takes the form of deprecating expostulation. I catch the words "push of work" and "season hands."

"Why, if you were only a bit of a man," cries the mistress, raising her voice so that all may hear, "you'd throw those two bl—y rascals out. I'd throw them out at any price, if I were a woman's husband. The idea of saying how I spend my money—what's that to him? And that Jo says he'll call the factory man in. He may call the devil in (and he's welcome)—the only person as he'll notice will be himself. The idea of him saying that I spend my money on horses; as if I couldn't spend money on anything I like. As if you wouldn't give me money as I earn, when I asks you, Mr. Moses," gasps the Jewess, as she looks threateningly at her partner, "and never ask where it goes to." The betting on horses is evidently a sore point.

"It isn't their business what you do with your money," rejoins the master soothingly. "But just let them alone, and tell those girls to be quiet. It's more than half the girls' fault—they're always at the fellows," he adds, anxious to shift the blame into a safe quarter.

The storm lulls, and Mr. Moses returns into the front shop. But the anger of the

Jewess is not yet exhausted. A stray word, and the quick firing of abusive language between the mistress and the pressers begins afresh; though this time the women, awed by the master's interference, are silent. The tall, weak-looking young man, Jo by name, shouts the longest and loudest; but, as Mrs. Long whispers to me without raising her eyes from her work, "It's 'Arry as makes the bullets—jist listen to 'im—but it's Jo as fires 'em!"

At last it subsides. Women (outdoor hands) troop in with bundles of finished trousers. The bubbling rage of the injured woman yields to the keen-eyed supervision of the profit-making Jewess. "I'd have nothing but indoor hands, if I knew where to find them and had a room to put them into," she mutters to Esther as she turns over garment after garment. "Just look at this work, it's all soap! Call again on Monday morning, Mrs. Smith. But mind it *is* Monday and not Tuesday morning. You understand English, don't you?—Monday morning."

A small boy creeps into the shop laden with unfinished work. "What d'you say to this, Sarah? Mrs. Hall sends word she was washing on Monday, cleaning on Tuesday, and I suppose playing the devil on Wednesday, for here's Thursday, with shop-day to-morrow, and the work's untouched. Now, girls, be quick with your work," continues the mistress as she throws the bundle on to our table—"all this to be done extra before Friday. Perkins won't wait for no one!"

The name of a wholesale shipping firm; so she works for export as well as for retail and pays same price for both," inwardly notes the investigator as she glances at the shoddy garments. (The work-girl meanwhile pushes her needle into her thumb-nail, and in her agony digs her elbow into her neighbor's half-turned back, which causes a cannonade all round the table.)

"Law! how awkward she still be," growls the woman of the slums, anxious to pick a quarrel and vent her unspent wrath.

At length tea-time breaks the working-day. Pence have already been collected for the common can of milk; innumerable teapots are lifted off the gas-stove, small parcels of bread and butter, with a relish or a sweet, are everywhere unrolled. My neighbors, on either side, offer me tea, which I resolutely refuse. The mistress sips her cup at the head of the table. The obnoxious pressers have left for the half-hour. Her feelings break out:—

"Pay them 5s. a day to abuse you! As if I couldn't spend my money on what I like; and as if Mr. Moses would ever ask—I'd like to see him ask me—how the money'd gone!"

All the women sympathize with her and vie with each other in abusing the absent pressers.

"It's hawful, their language," cries the slum-woman; "if I were the missus, I'd give the bl—y scoundrels tit for tat. Whatev'er's the use of bein' a missus if you've got to 'old in y're tongue?"

"As for the factory man," continues the irate Jewess, turning to the other sore point, "just fancy threatening me with him! Why they ar'n't fit to work in a respectable shop; they're d—d spies. I'd throw them out, if it cost me 100l. And if Mr. Moses were half a man, he'd do it too."

At the word spy, I feel rather hot; but conscious of the innocence of my object, I remark, "You have nothing to fear from the factory inspector; you keep the regulations exactly."

"I don't deny," she answers quite frankly, "that if we're pressed for work I turn the gir's up-stairs; but it isn't once in three months I do it; and it all tells for their good."

Two hours afterwards, and I have finished my second pair. "This won't do," she says as she looks over both pairs together. "Here, take and undo the band of that one; I'll set this one to rights. Better have respectable persons who know a lot—and a deal too much," she mutters, smarting over the taunts of the "factory man" and the money laid on horses.

"Eight o'clock by the Brewery clock," cries the shrill voice.

"Ten minutes to," shouts the missus, looking at her watch. "However, it ain't worth while breaking the law for a few minutes. Stop work."

This is most welcome to me. The heat since the gas has been lit is terrific, my fingers are horribly sore, and my back aches as if it would break. The women bundle up their work; one or two take it home. Every one leaves her trimmings on the table, with scissors and thimble. Outside, the freshness of the evening air, the sensation of free movement, and rest to the weary eyes and fingers constitute the keenest physical enjoyment I have ever yet experienced.

Friday morning, and I am hopelessly

tired. Jammed between my two neighbors, with the garment of hard shoddy stuff on my knee, and with the whole day's work before me, I feel on the brink of deep disgrace as a work-girl. I am "shaky like all over," my fingers, worn in places into holes, refuse to push the thick needle through the objectionable substance; damp hands (the more I rub them in my apron the damper they become) stretch the thin linings out of place; my whole energy is riveted on my work, with the discouraging result that it becomes worse and worse. Mrs. Long works silently by my side at high pressure to bring a pair of "ordered" trousers in to time. And she begins to scent dismissal.

"I keeps myself to myself," she told me yesterday. "Down y're they're all a-going down 'ill; except them Jews as is going hup." And to-day she applies her theory strictly, and is unwilling to "mix herself up" with even a respectable failure. So I bungle on without help until I have finished after a fashion.

"This will never do," angrily remarks the mistress. And then, perceiving the culprit by her side, she adds sternly: "This won't do—this work won't suit me; you want to go and learn somewhere first. This will never do—this won't suit me," she repeats slowly as she pulls the work to pieces. She dismisses me from her side with a wave of her eyeglass, as if to say, "It's no good answering me back again."

Without a word I arrange my trimmings ready to depart if the missus persists.

Is it over-fatigue, or is it the perfect realization of my position as a disgraced work-girl? An ominous lump rises in my throat, and my eyes fill with tears. There is a dead silence. The younger hands look up from their work sympathetically; Mrs. Long, with her head down, stitches on steadily; the woman of the slums gazes on me with bleared expression of mingled stupor and pity; fumbles underneath her work on the table and pushes something towards me. I hear the rattle of the brandy-bottle against the scissors as I see the old tobacco-box that holds her trimmings advancing towards me. Meanwhile the Jewess has screwed up her left eye and is looking at me through her eyeglass. The deep furrows of inherited experience again relax in favor of personal feeling. But this time it is human kindness instead of human fury. She beckons to me. In a second I am by her side.

"I'll see what I can do with you. If

you like to stay and work on threepence-halfpennies, the same as I give to outdoor hands, you can take better work when you're fit for it. I'm sure I don't want to be hard on any decent young person as is trying to earn her living in a respectable way. There ain't so many respectable persons in the world that we can afford to starve 'em," the Jewess adds, casting an angry glance at the pressers. "Sarah, give her a pair of threepence-halfpennies. I'll alter these for you. You sit between those two young ladies and they'll show you. You must help one another," she says to the girls as they make room for me; "tho' of course they all come here to make their own living; you can't expect them to teach you forever."

The girl who takes me under her especial charge is a respectably dressed and delicate-looking young woman, with none of the rowdy slovenliness or tarnished finery of the typical Gentile girl of East London. Slightly made, with a pale, weary face, she looks at least thirty (she tells me she is only just nineteen); she stitches silently, and seems hardly conscious of the boisterous life of her fellow-workers; but instead of Mrs. Long's air of ever-present superiority, her form, face, manner, denote physical depression, lit up now and again by the dreamy consciousness of another world beyond the East End workroom.

"You'll soon learn," she says kindly; "you must watch me fix this, and then you can do the next yourself."

Directed and encouraged by her kindness, I work on, in a calmer frame of mind, listening to the conversation of my neighbors. Among the younger hands who sit at this end of the table it chiefly concerns the attraction of the rival music-halls, or the still more important question of the presents and attentions of their different "bokes." For monotonous work and bad food have not depressed the physical energies of these young women. With warm hearts, with overflowing good nature, with intellects keenly alive to the varied sights of East London, these genuine daughters of the people brim over with the frank enjoyment of low life. During the day their fingers and eyes are fully occupied; in the evenings, on holidays, in the slack season, their thoughts rush out and gather in the multitudinous excitements of the East End streets; while their feelings unburden themselves in the pleasure of promiscuous love-making. You cannot accuse them of immorality, for they have no consciousness of sin.

The veneer of morality, the hidden but secretly self-conscious vice of that little set that styles itself "London society" (in the city of millions!) are unknown to them. They live in the Garden of Eden of uncivilized life; as yet they have not tasted the forbidden fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and the heaven and hell of an awakened conscience are alike undreamt of. There is only one fall possible to them—drink, leading slowly but inevitably to the drunkard's death.

"I say, Milly," shouts one to the other, "you tell that bl—y brother of yours that I waits 'alf an 'our for 'im houtside the Paragon last night. I'll be blessed before I serves as 'is round the corner* ag'in. 'Owever, at last, I says to myself, 'A watched kittle niver biles,' so I walks in by myself. The dressin' there is grand," she adds enthusiastically.

"Eh! but you sh'd see the piece they're running at the Standard!" rejoins Milly. "Jim's promised to take me up to one of them grand places up West next Saturday. Will you come along? I'll git Tom to come. You'll want to be a-making of it up by that time. Tom's in reg'ler work and a rare catch has a sweet'cart," laughs the sister of the faithless swain.

"It's too much trouble to go up West," answers the girl, anxious to prove her indifference to Tom's attentions. "I don't care to turn hout 'fore 'alf past nine. It takes a full hour to clean up and git a bit of supper, and that leaves three hours for our houting like; for mother don't hexpect us back 'fore 'alf past twelve. But I don't say I would'n't come, as it's the 'alf day, if Tom's very pressin'," she continues. "I've 'eard it said them grand ladies as sits in the boxes and the stalls 'as low dresses on, like so many hactrices, and hits as good has a play jist to look on 'em. So 'Arry told me, and 'e's a rare 'un for liking the look of them lords and ladies as lives up there."

The pale, weary girl stitches silently by my side. She works harder than the others—finished four pair yesterday and hopes to finish the same to-day. "Are you chapel?" she asks presently.

"Yes," I reply, attending more to the spirit than to the letter of her question.

"Do you belong to the army?" she says inquiringly, glancing at my plain grey dress, and no doubt remembering my close black bonnet.

"No," I answer, "do you?"

* The East End term for the lady you take to the theatre or the music-hall.

She shakes her head: "They've tried to get me to join since I've been in London. But we're a quieter set than they. Mother and I have only been in London these two years since father's death," she adds in an explanatory tone. "Mother's a skilled vest hand; not this sort of work — she wouldn't look at this. She can make 2*l.* a week in good times; but now her eyesight's going fast. And it isn't much as I earn. I was brought up to teaching."

"And why did you not go on with it?"

"I failed in the first examination. Then father died, and mother heard there was skilled hands wanted in London, so we left our home. But I've found a Bible-class in our street and I teaches there twice a week. That and the chapel on a Sunday is like a bit of the old home." The work-girl sighs, and the far-off look of "another world" gleams in the clear depths of her grey eyes. "If you're going out for the dinner hour, I might show you the chapel and the class-room," she adds with hesitating gentleness; "are you going home for dinner?"

"No, I shall get a cup of tea at Lockhart's, and a bun."

"Why, you're niver a-goin' to dine off 'that!' cries the girl on my other side. And there is a whispering all round the table. Only a cup of tea and a bun means great poverty.

"You 'ad no tea last evening," continues the same girl; "now you must take a cup o' mine this afternoon."

The hours of the day pass away quietly in work. There are no words between the mistress and the pressers, and the workshop life becomes monotonous. During the interval between dinner and tea a golden-haired young lady (married daughter of the Jewess), beautifully gloved and bonneted, covered with jewels, but with a somewhat unseasonable tippet of sable-tails, enters the work-room. She seats herself by her mother at the head of the table and chats confidentially. I hear the names of various racehorses and of forthcoming races. Apparently her husband belongs to the genus of "betting men," and, judging from her dress, he is a successful one. The mistress is in high good humor. At tea-time she turns to me:—

"Now, I'm very much interested in you; there is something in your face that's uncommon, and your voice too, that's odd — no word higher than another. The woman here will tell you, if I hadn't taken a fancy to your face and your voice I should have bundled you out long ago.

Now what have you been?" she continues with gracious inquisitiveness.

"I hadn't to work when my father was in work," I answer with literal truthfulness.

"A tidy-looking young person like you ought to get some respectable man to marry her — like my daughter here; you're more fit for that than to be making your own living in this sort of place. But, since you have come, I'll see what I can do with you. Come, you're getting on nicely," she says encouragingly, as she looks over my work.

I am drinking the cup of tea forced on me by my neighbor. The pale, weary girl is munching her bread and butter.

"Won't you have some?" she says, as she pushes the paper towards me.

"No, thank you," I answer.

"Sure?" and without more to-do she lays a thick slice in my lap and turns away to avoid my thanks, — a little bit of human kindness that goes to the heart and brings tears into the eyes of the investigator.

Work begins again. My friend has finished her third piece and is waiting for the fourth. She covers her head with her hands as she bends backward to rest the strained figure. In her grey eyes there is a look of intense weariness — weariness of body and mind. Another pair is handed to her and she begins again. She is a quick worker; but, work as hard as she may, she cannot clear much over 1*s.* a day after she has paid for trimmings. (A shilling a day is about the price of unskilled woman's labor.)

Another two hours and I say good-night.

"I'll be married in a week," are the last words I hear passing from Jo to Harry, "and then my wife shall keep me."

"I'll go to the bl—y workhouse," jokes Harry, "if I don't get a gal to keep me. I won't sweat here any longer for 5*s.* a day."

BEATRICE POTTER.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

TWENTY-FOUR years have passed since the British Association met at Bath. During this period numerous changes have occurred among its members; many who then occupied a conspicuous place, including the eminent president for the year 1864, Sir Charles Lyell, are no longer liv-

ing, and the gaps in the ranks have been filled by recruits, some of whom at that time were still boys at school. But the energy of the Association is in no way impaired; its influence on the advancement of science, although gatherings of a similar nature, but more limited and special in scope, are now far more common, can hardly be said to have diminished. If the very results of its own work have rendered a scientific missionary society — one of its principal aims at the outset — almost needless, it still occupies a position and performs a duty which is peculiar to itself, of bringing together for exchange of ideas students in the various branches of science, of keeping them in touch with the general public, and of collating and recording the results of their labors. The quiet old city will also be found to have changed, though less conspicuously than the *personnel* of the Association; it has increased in size, though its more important characteristics are retained; the old objects of interest remain, but have been augmented by new discoveries — as, for instance, will be seen in its excellent museum, in the recently excavated remains of the baths of the Roman *Aquæ Sulis*, and, at a few miles' distance, in the now famous church of Bradford-on-Avon.

Sir Frederick Bramwell, the president at this meeting, as might be expected, restricts his address to the relations of science to the work of that profession of which he is a distinguished member. Indeed, the opening paragraphs are virtually a defence of the occasional election of a civil engineer to the office of president of the British Association. Such a defence will probably seem to most persons hardly needed. At the present day it is improbable that the claims of the more eminent members of the Institute of Civil Engineers to be regarded as men of science, in the full sense of the term, would be seriously disputed. Indeed, their last representative in the presidential chair, the late Sir William Siemens, whom, however, his successor appears to regard as more strictly a representative of physics, said, in effect, that in the work of the engineer there was no more place for the "rule of thumb" practitioner.

As was also to be expected, we find in the address a passing jest at the metrical system and a passing blow at the opponents of the Channel Tunnel. The former is amusing as a specimen of the author's well-known dry humor, though it may be remarked that, *mutatis mutandis*, it might be equally well employed by an advocate

of the other system of measurement; the latter would have been better omitted, or at least expressed in different terms. To say that the scheme for a tunnel under the Straits of Dover "has lately fallen into disfavor with an unreasoning public, who have not taken the pains to ascertain the true state of the case," is an assertion which, though perhaps permissible on the part of an advocate or a scientific witness, is less accurate than we should expect from a man of science. The construction of such a tunnel would undoubtedly be a grand feat of engineering; it might tend advantageously, as Sir F. Bramwell asserts it would, to augment the common interests of England and France, and thus cement friendship rather than promote hostility; nay, the work may be even, as he suggests, poetic in conception; and yet, in the present epoch of the world's history, its accomplishment may be a very appreciable addition to the dangers of this country. The opposition to this scheme is led by men who are best qualified to appreciate the military aspect of the question. With them are men of science, not less eminent than Sir F. Bramwell himself, and some of the more prudent and far-sighted of our statesmen. We congratulate Sir F. Bramwell on the recent convert from the ranks of the last named, though we doubt whether so eminent an advocate will greatly strengthen his cause with those who are anxious to ascertain facts and regard them in a scientific spirit.

Sir F. Bramwell, as has been implied, claims that engineering has even its poetical side. Perhaps this is true, but we fear that many will assert that the poetry is rather of the thought than of the expression. A lighthouse may be "a fair shaft, graceful as a palm and sturdy as an oak, but, invaluable as it may be as a protection to life and property, it is certainly open to doubt whether it adds to the picturesqueness of the reef. A railway generally injures the beauty of scenery — we cannot think it has improved the valley of the Reuss, or that the charms of the Menai Strait or the grandeur of Niagara are enhanced by the adjacent bridges; nay, we have some doubt whether, as a question simply of æsthetics, that marvellous structure which is now spanning the Firth of Forth will add greatly to its charms. Turning, however, from these more controversial matters to the main subject of the address, this may be described in the opening words of the speaker: "The late Lord Iddesleigh delighted an audience,

for a whole evening, by an address on 'Nothing.' Would that I had his talents and could discourse to you as charmingly as he did to his audience, but I dare not try to talk about 'nothing.' I do, however, propose, as one of the two sections of my address, to discourse to you on the importance of the 'next to nothing.' The other section is far removed from this microscopic quantity as it will enhance the 'eulogy of the civil engineer and will point out the value to science of his works.'" The two subjects, thus quaintly enumerated, are deliberately intertwined by the author, and it is this idea—the intimate connection of small things with great results—the "task of the least," as it might be called, which gives by its admirable elaboration a high value to the address as a whole.

One illustration of the above is given in a brief history of economies effected in the working of the steam-engine. The very best engines of Watt's days consumed about six or seven pounds of fuel per horse-power per hour. This is now reduced to about one-fourth, and in portable engines for agricultural purposes has been brought down to 1.65 pounds per indicated horse-power per hour. But, if further economy is to be effected, and there is still serious waste of power, this can only be done, as he shows, by the most exact registration and careful watching of every percentage of loss; for, though individually minute, these, when summed up, are serious in amount. But Sir F. Bramwell is not sanguine as to the continued use of the steam-engine. He ventured to predict at the York meeting that, in 1931, when the centenary of the British Association arrived, its members, unless some substantive improvement, at present unthought of, were made in the steam-engine, would see the present steam-engines in museums, "treated as things to be respected, and of antiquarian interest to the engineers of those days." This prophecy, he adds, now that seven years have elapsed, he neither regrets having made, nor desires to withdraw. The success of gas-engines and of those worked by the vapors of products similar to petroleum, has already been so great, that he considers "he was not wrong in predicting that the heat-engine of the future will probably be one independent of the vapor of water."

But the thesis of the lecture received its most striking and interesting illustrations in the remarks upon the materials required by the increasing needs of the

engineer. Here the effects of alloys upon the strength, tenacity, and other properties of metals are described at full length. The old rough-and-ready methods of judging of the properties of metals would now be useless. Till it was realized that the quality of steel depended upon very small variations in the amount of carbon present in the iron, and methods were found of securing the presence of the right percentage, such works as "the Forth bridge, the big gun, the compound armor of the ironclad with its steel face," would have been impossible. These large guns, indeed, furnish an excellent illustration of the "task of the least"—a piece of steel ribbon, "which looks more suitable for the framework of an umbrella," is used in reinforcing the main tube of a gun, which, if put into position at Richmond, pointed and ranged, by the ordnance map, for the Royal Exchange, could be depended upon for dropping a shell, weighing three hundred and eighty pounds, somewhere in an area round it, five hundred yards long and two hundred yards wide. As the president remarks, in passing, the arrival of such a messenger every five minutes would be a serious obstacle to conducting business with that calmness and coolness which are necessary to success.

Not less striking and more recent of discovery is the effect of the presence of alloys in minute quantities in metals, a matter to which Professor Roberts-Austen has recently devoted so much attention. The president confines his remarks chiefly to the alloys of iron, as having a more immediate bearing on his subject, and merely glances in passing at the results with other metals. It has been found that in certain cases the presence of an alloy in so small a quantity as one part in a thousand is sufficient to change some of the most marked properties of a metal; as, for example, to render it brittle instead of malleable. These changes are most strikingly illustrated in the manufacture of steel. The addition of a very small percentage of aluminium gives to a steel alloy a much greater hardness, and enables it to take a much higher and more silverlike polish. One twentieth part of one per cent. of aluminium when added to molten wrought iron will reduce the fusing-point of the whole mass some five hundred degrees, and thus render the material so fluid as to be capable of making castings of the most intricate character. Perhaps even more striking are the effects of manganese. It has been known for years that when present in steel in quantities less

than 2·5 per cent. it rendered the metal more ductile and altogether more fitted for forging. Here, however, improvement stopped, and if the percentage were increased deterioration commenced. But recently further experiment has shown that after an amount of seven per cent. of manganese has been added, the quality of the metal again begins to improve.

Such results, anomalous at present, have an interest which extends far beyond their practical application, and appeal even to a wider audience than that which listened to this address, for they indicate that arguments founded on the invariability of the order of nature are apt to be misleading. Doubtless from similar causes similar consequences will result; but these remarkable experiments indicate that a variation of the antecedents which would be imperceptible to all but the most specially qualified observers is capable of producing the most important effects.

From The Morning Post.

GENERAL PREJEVALSKY, THE RUSSIAN EXPLORER.

MORE than ordinary interest attaches at the present time to the Russian expedition to Thibet which is on the point of starting for that little-known country. The expedition is commanded by the well-known traveller, General Prejevalsky, who has twice before made an attempt to reach Lhasa, and who will again, and for the third time, try to make his way to the capital of the Dalai Lama, in which no living European has set foot. The Russian party consists of twenty-seven persons, of whom twenty-four are Cossacks, and is to start next week. General Prejevalsky will try to get to Lhasa by way of western and south-western Mongolia, and expects to be absent about two years. Whether the general will be more successful this time than on the previous occasions when he has endeavored to enter the central Thibetan provinces remains to be seen, but the hostility which the Lhasa authorities have been showing towards all foreigners who have tried to pass their borders in the last few years does not render us very hopeful on this point. It is exactly eighteen years since Prejevalsky, then a captain in the Russian army, but already known as a bold explorer, started on his first memorable journey through Mongolia, with the idea of mak-

ing his way ultimately to the untravelled region beyond the sand Sea of Gobi and the Nan-Shan Mountains. With half-a-dozen companions, and without even a qualified and competent interpreter, he started for Pekin in the winter of 1870, and in the following spring began a tour of Mongolia and the Tangut country as far as the Koko-nor waters. It was not a favorable time for such an enterprise, for the Mohammedan rebellion in north-west China and the neighboring parts was at its height. In May Prejevalsky began the ascent of the table-land of eastern Mongolia, travelling due west, and through the Tumet country until he reached the extremity of the Inshan mountain range, on the north banks of the Hoang-ho. Crossing the river, and thence over the "dreary plains" of the Ordos, the exploring party made their way, still west, for over three hundred miles parallel with the southern bank of the stream. At Ding-hu the Yellow River was crossed, and the explorer found himself in the province of Ala-shan, of which, for the first time, he gave an intelligible account. Traversing the mountains of this region, he returned to the capital of the province with his means totally exhausted; and there was nothing for it but to return to Pekin. This he did, following, Colonel Yule asserts, the old route taken by Marco Polo on his first visit to the court of the great khan. Another start for the Thibetan borders was made in 1872. Prejevalsky joined a Chinese caravan going to the monastery of Lobsen, whence he made an excursion to the mountains of Tatung, where, for the first time, the rhubarb plant was seen in its native region. In October he pitched his tents on the shores of Koko-nor, at an elevation of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Though his means were now exhausted, and the country through which he was travelling was the home of hostile tribes, he resolved to push on. Crossing the salt marshes of Tsai-dam, which run north-west to the famous but then undertermined Lake Lob — the "Lob-nor" of the maps — Prejevalsky passed into the highlands of northern Thibet, a lofty and uninhabited desert, a veritable solitude stretching far over five hundred miles at a height of fifteen thousand feet above the sea level, only then to find that further progress was barred. The travellers had no provisions but what their guns could secure for them, and had to live upon brick tea and sour barley meal. The camels were worn out, the money exhausted, and the health of the party was

weakened by hardship and a trying climate. And thus, with Lhasa, the capital, within twenty days' journey of them, they were obliged to turn their backs on the city which they had set their minds on reaching, and which was the objective point of their three years' travelling. So ragged and torn were the Russians when they entered Din yuan-ying on the return journey, that the residents called them the "very image of Mongols." The route homewards was over the terrible depression of the Galpin Gobi, a region so barren that the northern Thibet deserts may be termed fruitful in comparison. It contains not a single oasis, neither water nor pasture ground, "everywhere only the silence of the valley of death." When Prejevalsky reached Kiakhta in October, 1873, he had been away three years, had explored seven thousand miles of routes, half of which had never been travelled before, brought home five thousand specimens of plants, one hundred and twenty of mammals large and small, one thousand specimens of fish, and three thousand five hundred of insects. About one-fifth of these were new to science. Altogether, Prejevalsky's journey, though he failed to reach central Thibet on the Lamaish capital, was one of the most remarkable ever accomplished, and an undertaking of which Russia may justly be proud, as English geographers have been among the first to admit. The general's next attempt to make his way to the unknown regions of Bodyul proved also abortive, though he succeeded in reaching the shores of Lob-nor, the great inland lake of which the Russian traveller has given one of the most graphic pictures ever sketched. He left Kulja in August, 1876, with instructions from the government to explore, if possible, the gold-region lying between Khoten and Thibet, on which the Muscovite rulers have for many years cast longing eyes. But Prejevalsky got no further than the waters of Lob-nor; and in sight almost of the Nan-Shan Mountains, which form the northern borders of the Chinese dependency, he found it advisable to make his way back to Kulja, where he arrived, the following July, "tired and ragged," as he humorously says in the account he has given of his wanderings in this interesting region of central Asia. Considering the difficulties that must necessarily attend any attempt to reach Thibet from the north-east or north-west, it is scarcely surprising that Prejevalsky should have failed to reach the central city and capital of the trans-Himalayan State. The natural and

physical obstacles interposed are such as well might deter even the boldest from making trial of the routes chosen by the Russian exploring parties both in 1870 and 1876. The frightful deserts, the trying mountain passes, the absence of water and want of provisions, to say nothing of the hostile people to be encountered, make it surprising that Prejevalsky accomplished as much as he did. But considering that Lhasa is only between three and four hundred miles, as the crow flies, from the Indian frontier, it is rather remarkable that in so few cases have travellers reached the Thibetan capital from Hindostan. But a single traveller ever passed from India to Thibet, thence into China and back, and that was the Dutchman Samuel van de Putte, who was mayor of Flushing in 1715. Love of travel led him abroad, and he accomplished the most remarkable journey ever undertaken in Thibet, traversing the country from India to China and back again. Since his time the number of Europeans who have set foot in the sacred city of the Dalai Lama from India may be counted on the fingers of one's hand. There was George Bogle, the Englishman sent by Warren Hastings, Mr. Manning, another countryman of ours, Captain Turner, and the French clerics Hue and Gabet. Even Csoma de Kóros, the most accomplished Thibetan scholar that ever lived, failed to set eyes on the capital of Great Thibet. And if General Prejevalsky and his party now starting succeed where so many have failed, they will have achieved a notable feat in geographical explorations.

PIRACY AND HIDDEN TREASURE.

THE *Japan Weekly Mail* contains a report of the abrupt termination of a voyage from the port of Yokohama in search of hidden treasure. The British schooner *Nereid* had got from Japan as far as Guam, a small island belonging to the Marianne group, in the Pacific Ocean. Here the captain went on shore, intending to sail for Yap, in the Carolines, but on returning to where he had left his vessel he found it had been carried off either by his mate or two Japanese, or by all three. These were the only persons on board, and as no trace of the vessel has been found there is still some mystery about the affair. The voyage which was brought to a premature end by this act of piracy was a curious one. The captain

had sailed in search of a treasure which is alleged to have been lost under these circumstances: "In 1823, during a revolution in Peru, a number of wealthy residents of Lima combined to charter a brig of three hundred tons, on which they placed their property in money and jewellery, a large quantity of monastic plate being also sent off for safety. The intention was to convey this treasure to Spain. It is said that there were doubloons to the value of £2,000,000, and a vast sum in plate. But after the treasure was on board, and when its owners came down to the beach, they found the vessel gone. An Englishman, a lieutenant in the Peruvian navy, hearing of the intended flight, had gone on board with a chosen band, and had cut out the brig within hail of a Peruvian man-of-war. He steered right across the Pacific, and in course of time reached the Marianne Islands, where the treasure was buried, and a course was made for Honolulu. Before reaching this port quarrels broke out among the pirates, and the lieutenant, with his two officers, and a cabin-boy, got into a boat and left the crew, having first set fire to the vessel. One of the officers was murdered and thrown overboard, before the boat reached Honolulu, where the party represented themselves as the survivors of a shipping disaster. The lieutenant, before leaving Lima, had been in love with a lady, the wife of a Peruvian officer who was slain in the revolution, and before taking any further steps with regard to the treasure, decided to send for her. The cabin-boy was despatched as his emissary to Lima; but on his arrival there he was seized and imprisoned, and the lady refused to have anything further to do with a man whom she styled a detestable pirate. The lieutenant and his sole remaining companion accordingly chartered a small fore-and-aft schooner, the *Swallow*, commanded by one Captain Thompson, and proceeded to the Mariannes for his treasure. Thompson tried hard to get a charter for a specified port or ports, but the lieutenant insisted on a broad charter, including any or all the Mariannes. One evening, when they were in sight of the islands, the lieutenant, who was sitting on the lee-rail chatting with his companion, was, it is conjectured, tipped overboard by the latter and disappeared, the usual alarm being raised; but the lieutenant's body was never recovered. Thompson, from sundry scraps of conversation which he had overheard, suspected the object of the voyage, overhauled the dead lieutenant's

effects, and among them found a chart of the island on which the treasure was hidden, but with the name omitted. Soon afterwards he sighted another brig, with the master of which he was acquainted, and proposed to him to search for the treasure and divide it between them, giving the surviving pirate a share on condition that he consented to point out the spot, but with a threat that if he did not do so he would forthwith be handed over to the Spanish authorities. At a concerted moment the pirate was seized by both captains, and the conditions named. He nodded. They asked him if he would indicate the situation of the treasure. He nodded. They asked if this was the island, pointing to the nearest of the group. He again nodded. They invited him to step into a boat which had been lowered and guide them to the treasure. He nodded once more, went below, filled his pockets with lead and iron, and then going down the ladder, pushed off the boat with one foot from the side of the schooner, and dropped feet first into the sea." This put an end to the treasure-hunting; the chart went into the possession of the Spanish authorities. Meanwhile the captain of the *Nereid*, who holds or believes he holds the clue to the secret of all this wealth, has lost everything. Whatever may be thought of this extraordinary story, what is beyond any question is, that an English shipmaster in Yokohama, at the commencement of the present year, set out in a schooner, built under his own supervision and belonging to himself, to search for the treasure supposed to be hidden more than sixty years ago among the coral islands of the north Pacific, and that his crew ran away with his vessel and have not since been heard of. Possibly they, too, having some suspicion of the object of the voyage, determined to recover the treasure on their own account. The story which is here summarized was taken down from the mouth of the captain himself.

From St. James's Gazette.

THE PRODUCTION OF CAVIAR IN RUSSIA.

CAVIAR, which is derived from the eggs of the sturgeon (*Accipenser husso*) is an article of considerable importance in the export trade of many Russian towns and of Astrakan. The *Journal de la Chambre de Commerce de Constantinople* says that from thirty to forty thousand pouds

(the poud being equivalent to thirty-six pounds avoirdupois) are annually exported from south Russia, principally from Taganrog. The greater part finds its way to Turkey, Greece, and certain parts of Italy and Germany. But little is sent to England, and still less to France. The following is the method employed in taking the sturgeon on the Volga. The fisheries are situated at the mouth of the river, and in the rear on the land are erected large warehouses, or caves dug in the soil, and troughs extend from one end to the other to contain the strong brine necessary for the preparation of the caviar. Fishing operations are usually conducted in the spring, autumn, or winter. The autumn fisheries are considered the best, because they produce a greater supply of eggs. In the winter season the Russian fishermen fish for the sturgeon with a harpoon, a large hole being cut in the ice. During the other fishing seasons on the Volga nets are used, these consisting of a large engine composed of cables about a hundred metres long, to which are attached cords furnished with fish-hooks. These cables, fastened one to the other, are fixed at the bottom of the stream by anchors, and kept in place by beams. Each hook is calculated to be able to sustain the weight of a fish three or four metres long, and this method of fishing is very productive. Each fishing establishment is provided with boats of different dimensions. As soon as the fish are taken they are placed on board, and then transported to one of the larger vessels accompanying the fishing fleet, where they are laid down and covered with salt. After having split the head of the fish with a hatchet, it is then cleaned, the belly is opened as far as the tail, and the eggs, the entrails, bladder, and dorsal nerve, called *vesiga*, which is made by the Russians into pies, and considered a great delicacy by them, are removed. These operations last about a quarter of an hour. Before the fish ceases to writhe, the eggs are made into fresh caviar, which, not being intended for exportation, is generally consumed soon afterwards. Caviar is prepared in two ways, differing very slightly from each other. For export, caviar *grénu*

and caviar *compact* are prepared, and the following are the methods of preparation. In making caviar *grénu* the eggs are cleaned in water to remove the outer covering, and are then left in strong brine for about three-quarters of an hour. They are then drained in sieves placed on a kind of large inclined trench, which lets off the water into a basin. As regards caviar *compact*, the method of preparation is almost the same. After having separated the eggs from the skin and the veins, the piles of eggs are salted in the troughs, and are left about three-quarters of an hour in the brine; and while there they are kneaded in order to soften them, after which, instead of being allowed to drain off at leisure, they are twisted in cloth bags. Thus prepared, the caviar is heaped lightly in small wooden barrels, and is ready for delivery. A third method of preparing caviar consists in preserving the eggs just as they are taken from the fish, and after lying for seven or eight months in brine, they are dried in the sun. This is the coarser kind of caviar, which, however, is very largely exported. Other substances are also extracted from the sturgeon, in which a large trade is carried on. In addition to the eggs, another important product, from an industrial point of view, is the swimming bladder, situated above the dorsal spike of the sturgeon. These organs, plunged in water and separated from their external skin, cut lengthways, covered with cloth, softened by the action of the hands, made up into tablets or small rolls, constitute almost the whole of the isinglass which is consumed in Europe, and which is known under the name of *ichthyocolle*. Mixed with glue, this product is of great adhesive power, and is used for uniting broken glass and porcelain. The fat of sturgeons when it is fresh is used as a substitute for oil and butter, and is largely consumed by the inhabitants of the southern districts of Russia, while the skin is used as leather; and in some cases the skin of the young fish, when it is thoroughly cleaned and well dried, is a substitute for window-glass in parts of Russia and of Tartary.

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